

238 L 41

THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM BROWNE. *K*

CONTAINING
BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS:

WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS
BY THE REV. W. THOMPSON,
LATE OF QUEEN'S-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE:
CONSISTING OF PASTORALS.

THE INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE,
NEVER PUBLISHED BEFORE;
AND OTHER POEMS.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR T. DAVIES, IN RUSSELL-STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN, MDCCLXXII.

THE
WORKS

OF
WILLIAM BROWNE

CONTAINING
BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS:
WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS
BY THE REV. W. THOMPSON,
LATE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.



THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE:
CONSISTING OF
PAINERS-THREE MASQUES
NEVER PUBLISHED BEFORE
AND OTHER POEMS
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. DAVIES, IN RUSSELL STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN, MDCCLXXII.

PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM BROWNE.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

THE FIRST BOOK OF

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS:

WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

BY THE REV. W. THOMPSON.

THE ADVERTISER

THE

W O R K S

OF THE

WILLIAM BROWN

OF THE

VOLUME I

RIGHTS

THE

BRITANNIA

BY THE

BY THE REV. W. THOMPSON

AND

OF

OF

OF



THE
PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT
TO
THE READER.

IT is generally acknowledged that the grand æra of English Poetry began about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and ended with the Civil Wars of Charles the first. Dryden and Pope are great names, and ought not to be mentioned without respect and veneration: They polished our numbers and brought versification to perfection, Satire was highly improved by both of them. Pope taught us to write correctly, but all the great parts of Poetry were complete before. Butler was the author of an admirable mock-heroic poem full of learning and wit; Prior improved the merry Tales of Fontaine, borrowed from Boccace; and Parnell and Grey have brought Elegy to perfection. Satire, and mock-heroic, the ape of the true, are but assistants to the drama; and merry tales, and sweet elegies are only esteemed the ornamental parts of Poetry. The names of Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton; Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and

ii ADVERTISEMENT.

and Fletcher, and Massinger; Drayton, Waller, and William Browne, will always stand in the first rank of great English Poets.

The Author whose works are now offered to the Public, met with a fate uncommon and unmerited by so great a Genius. He who was admired and beloved by all the best writers of his time; who was esteemed and recommended highly by the critical Jonson, and the learned Selden; was, in a few years after his death, almost forgotten.

It is true, that a few men of taste read him with pleasure in their closets, but the public scarce know that such a man ever existed. We can find no trace of an edition of William Browne's Works, since the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

The Publisher of this Work has received considerable assistance from several Gentlemen, who have kindly enabled him to make this Edition as complete as possible.

The Gentlemen of the King's Library were so obliging as to give him the use of the first Edition of *Britannia's Pastorals*, which had several Manuscript notes in the margin,

ADVERTISEMENT. iii

margin, written by the Rev. Mr. W. Thompson, late of Queen's College, Oxford. This seems to have been a favourite Poem with Mr. Thompson; and it is imagin- ed, that he intended to print an Edition of it with notes and observations, those he has left are inserted in their proper places.

The *Shepherd's Pipe* consists of seven Eclogues, among which is an excellent Monody upon the death of his Friend Mr. Thomas Manwood, whom he calls Philarete; I dare not say that it is equal to the celebrated Lycidas of Milton, but surely it is not much inferior: That great genius has not disdained to imitate William Browne; and Lycidas owes its origin to Philarete.

This admirable collection of Eclogues was become so very scarce, that if the Rev. Mr. Tho. Warton had not lent his own copy to be transcribed, the Publick might have been deprived of so valuable a treasure.

The Rev. Mr. Price of Oxford, was so obliging as to send the Publisher a correct copy taken from a MSS. in the Bodleian Library, of Browne's *Elegy upon the death of Henry Prince of Wales*, eldest Son of James the first.

The

IV ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author took care to introduce this Poem in the first book of his *Britannia's Pastorals*, but on comparing it with Mr. Price's copy, the Reader will find some difference. His second thoughts are not perhaps happier than his first.

The Public is greatly obliged to Mr. Farmer of Emanuel College, Cambridge; he very kindly pointed out such passages in several Authors, as might serve to furnish materials for the short Account of the Author's life. Besides a Poem at the end of the Third Volume, he very obligingly procured from the Library of Emanuel College, the Inner Temple Masque, an excellent little poem, which had never been printed. Milton in all probability borrowed the idea of *Comus* from W. Browne's Masque.

The Bookseller, who has employed himself in reviving the noblest monuments of the Dead, hopes, soon to reprint a very excellent Collection of old Poems, called *ENGLAND'S HELICON*, or the *MUSES HARMONY*.

He cannot doubt of success, as he has been promised the assistance of Dr. Percy and Mr. Hawkins,

ADVERTISEMENT.

Hawkins, a Gentleman well known in the learned world, and who is now employed in a very curious and valuable work; The History of Music, antient and modern, with anecdotes of the most eminent Musicians, and specimens of their works. By great good fortune he has in his possession some remains of our old English poets, which will greatly enrich the new Edition of England's Helicon.

THE

ADVERTISEMENT

Lawkins, a Gentleman well known in the
learned world, and who is now employed in
a very curious and valuable work; The His-
tory of Music, ancient and modern, with
anecdotes of the most eminent Musicians,
and specimens of their works. By great
good fortune he has in his possession some
remains of our old English poets, which
will greatly enrich the new Edition of Eng-
land's Helicon.

THE

W
n D
acco
Dev
ami
he
ing
A
mar
in
beg
fir
Cla
was
befo
he
who
to t

THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM BROWNE.

WILLIAM BROWNE, descended of a good family, was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in the year 1590; his father, according to PRINCE, in his *Worthies of Devon*, being probably of the Knightly family of Browne, of Browne's-Illash, in the parish of Langtree, near Great-Torington.

After he had passed through the Grammar-school, he was sent to Exeter College in the University of Oxford, about the beginning of the reign of King James the first, where he became a great proficient in Classical learning, and in the Belles Lettres was scarcely equalled; from hence, however, before he had taken any academical degree, he removed to the Inner-Temple, London, where he more particularly devoted himself to the Muses.

In

In the beginning of the year 1624, he returned again to Exeter College, and became tutor to Robert Dormer, who was afterwards earl of Carnarvon, and who lost his life at Newbury Fight, on the 20th of September 1643. On the 25th of March 1624, our author received permission to be actually created a Master of Arts, although the degree was not conferred upon him till the November following. He is filed in the public register of the University, a man well skilled in all kinds of polite literature and useful arts; *Vir omni humanâ literaturâ et bonarum artium cognitione instructus.*

After he had left College with his pupil, he was gladly received into the family of William Earl of Pembroke, who had a great respect for him; and here, according to the Author of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, he made his fortune so well that he purchased an estate; he also adds, that he had a great mind in a little body; but with regard to the time of his death, he is very doubtful, for all that he says of the matter is, that “in his searches he finds that one William Browne of Ottery St. Mary in Devon-

shire,

WILLIAM BROWNE. ix

shire, died in the year 1643; but that he cannot tell whether he was the same with our poet."

His poetical works procured him the acquaintance and esteem of many of the most learned and ingenious men of the age; they were looked upon with envy and admiration; and we have many testimonies of the high esteem in which they were held. Edward Philips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, speaking of the Britannia's Pastorals, says, "that tho' they are not of the sublimest strain, yet for a subject of that nature, amorous and rural, they contain matter not unpleasant to the reader." Winstanley, in his *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, styles them *a most ingenious piece*; "it being (says he) for the subject of an amorous and rural nature, worthily deserving commendations, as any one will confess, who shall peruse it with an impartial eye." And the Author of the *Memoirs of the Life of Mr. William Pattison, of Sidney College, Cambridge*, prefixed to his poems printed in 1728, tells us, that from some instances, which he produces, "it will appear even to
" our

“ our most infallible criticks, that tho’ Mr
 “ Browne wrote an hundred and eleven years
 “ ago, his language is as nervous, his num-
 “ bers are as harmonious, his descriptions as
 “ natural, his panegyrick as soft, and his
 “ satire as pointed, as any that are to be
 “ found in [the Whipt-syllabub Poetaster
 “ of the present century ;

“ Who verses write, as soft, as smooth as
 cream,

“ The poem ended, no one knows the
 theme.”

It is said to be a certain fact, that Pattison,
 at his death, was possessed of no book except
 the *Britannia’s Pastorals* of W. Browne.

Our Author was no less honoured and
 respected for his production of the *Shepherd’s
 Pipe*, than of *Britannia’s Pastorals* ; and
 Prince farther informs us, that “ as he had
 “ honoured his country with his sweet and
 “ elegant *Pastorals*, so it was expected, and
 “ he also intreated, a little farther to grace
 “ it by his drawing out the line of his
 “ poetic ancestors, beginning in Joseph
 “ Ifcanus, and ending in himself. A noble
 “ design if it had been effected.”

Mr
year
num
ns a
l hi
o be
after
th a
s the
ison
cept
and
erd's
and
had
and
and
race
his
seph
oble

ERRATA

VOL. I.

PAGE 15. The last line for Whom's read who's
p. 16. line 20. for known read known
p. 17. line 13. for read read

VOL. II.

Page 8. between lines 2 and 3 insert
p. 15. line 2. from the bottom, after the
p. 16. line 1. from the bottom, for read read

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

PAGE 13. The last line for *Apulinus's* read *Apu-
leius's*.

p. 56. line 20. for *known* read *know*.

p. 60. line 13. for *yet* read *not*.

VOL. III.

Page 8. between line 22 and 23. insert *ROGET*.

p. 129. line 2. from the bottom, after *that* insert *can*.

p. 131. line 6. from the bottom, for *ynouk* read *ynough*.

To the truly noble and learned WILLIAM,
Earle of PEMBROOKE, Lord Chamberlayne to
his MAJESTIE, &c.

NOT that the gift (Great Lord) deserves
your hand,

(Held ever worth the rarest workes of men)
Offer I this; but since in all our land
None can more rightly clayme a poet's pen:
That noble bloud and vertue truly knowne,
Which circular in you united run,
Makes you each good, and every good your owne,
If it can hold in what my muse hath done.
But weake and lowly are these tuned layes,
Yet though but weake to win faire memorie,
You may improve them, and your gracing raise;
For things are priz'd as their possessers be.

If for such favour they have worthlesse striven,
Since Love the cause was, be that Love
forgiven!

Your Honor's,

W. BROWNE.

the following table and dated 7th Feb 1881.
Name of Engineer, and Name of
his Employer.

NOT that the list (Gover. India) of

(1) the names of the persons who were

(2) I think, but have in all our list

(3) some can more easily be found than

(4) that which I have and which is known

(5) which appears in our list.

(6) The first part of the list is the

(7) It is the list of the persons who

(8) The second part of the list is the

(9) The third part of the list is the

(10) The fourth part of the list is the

(11) The fifth part of the list is the

(12) The sixth part of the list is the

(13) The seventh part of the list is the

(14) The eighth part of the list is the

(15) The ninth part of the list is the

T
Tha

Cent
And

The
fam
The
ing

Are
Of f
Hen
With

If f
(Im
To l
It is

K
I

F

To the R E A D E R.

THE times are swolne so big with nicer wits,
That nought sounds good, but what opinion
strikes,

Censure with judgement seld together fits;
And now the man more then the matter likes.

The great rewardresse of a poet's penne,
Fame, is by those so clogg'd she seldome flies,
The muses sitting on the graves of men,
Singing that vertue lives and never dyes,

Are chas'd away by the malignant tongues
Of such, by whom detraction is ador'd:
Hence growes the want of ever-living songs,
With which our ile was whilome bravely stor'd.

If such a basiliske dart downe his eye,
(Impoyson'd with the dregs of utmost hate)
To kill the first bloomes of my poesie,
It is his worst, and makes me fortunate.

Kinde wits I vaile to, but to fooles precise
I am as confident as they are nice.

W. W.

From the Inner Temple, June the 18, 1613.

To the R E A D E R.

THESE are lines to be written with
the night hands good, but what opinion

and now the men more than the matter like.

and great rewards of a poor page,
and is by those to long, the hollow
and many living on the graves of men,
saying that virtue lives and never dyes.

and chas'd away by the malignant
which, by whom duration is short;
and grows the want of ever living songs,
in which our life was wholeness, and

such a ballad that does not live,
and is with the best of men,
to kill the last breath of the world,
is his work, and makes the world
kindness I will to, but to be the people
I am as content as they are.

W. W.

From the same Temple, June the 18, 1613.

IN BUCOLICA G. BROWN,
Quod, per secessus Rustici otia, licuit ad Amic.
& Bon. Lit. amantiſſi.

ANACREONTICUM.

ΚΑΛΟὺ δὸν Κυθήρεια,
Σὲν, Κέραι Διὸς, ἦθ' ἔ
Εμνήστεισαν, Ἰλερμέ.
Τῇ συμπράξαν Ερῶτες·
Ταῖς σὺν Παλλάδι Φοῖβῳ·
Τῆς Μῆσαι προκατήρχου·
Ταῖς Σὺ Δῦλ' ὑπάρχεις·
Τῆς ἑμὴν ἀεκίστης.
Ὡ γὰρ ἔς' ἀνέρας·
Ψυχῇ, Εἰνεα τῆνοι
Φεύγας' αὐτῷ ἔπονται
Ὅς προστύσσει Ερῶτας.
Μῆσαις κ' Αφρογενείη
Πρῆπλον τῷτο πάλεσκε
Νόσαξ ἀμφοτερῇσιν
Οὕτως ἐσὶ φίλις.

AD AMORIS NUMINA.

QUIN voftrum Paphie, Anteros, Erosque,
 Ut Regnum capiat mali quid, abfit!
 Venus, per Syrium nimis venuftum!
 Amplexus teneros, pares, fuaves
 Pſyches, per, tibi, Baſiationum,
 Eros quantum erat! & per Anterotia
 Fœlicis Animas! periclitanti
 Obteſtor, dubiæque conſulatis
 Rei voſtræ! Miſerûm mægis favete
 Languori, Miſerûm favete Amantum,
 Diyi, cordolio! Quod eſt amatum
 Ictu propitii ferite pectus!
 Ictus quin fit ab aurea ſagitta!
 Ortas ſpe placita fovete flammas!
 Ortis quin ſimiles parate flammas!
 Suas gnaviter ambient * Neæras!
 Et cautim laciaut ſuos Neæra!
 Dextras ſternuite adprobationes!
 Adjuctis detur Osculum labellis!
 Et junctis detur Osculum ſalivis!

Tui

• Amica, Domina (noſtro idiomate amatorio,
 MISTRESSE) & Neæra ſunt uti ſynonyma Pruden-
 tio, ante alios, Peri Steph. hymn. 12. & alicubi. v.
 & placet & Joſ. Scalig. ad 3. Tibulli.

Tui Nectaris adde, Diva, * quinctam.
 Conturbet tremulæ libido linguæ,
 Ne quis Basia † fascinare possit!
 Morsus mutua temperet voluptas!
 Dormitis, nimiumque defuistis
 Procis, atque Adamantinis Puellis.
 Isthæc prospiciens tibi, Cupido,
 Audax admonuvi. Tuas Apollo,
 Deusque, Arcadiæ, Minerva, & Hermes
 Supplantant Veneres. Murinus arcum
 Tendit, quîn jaculis tua pharetra
 Surreptis petimur. Camena texit
 Cantu dædala, blandulum Aphrodites
 Cestum, & infidias plicat. Minervæ
 Buxus, Mercurii Chelys, Cicuta
 Fauni, dulce melos canunt. Erota
 En, olim ‡ docuit, plagas Eroti
 Jam tendit, Juvenis, Poeta, Pastor.
 Isthæc prospiciens tibi, Cupido,
 Audax admonuvi. Fave Cupido.

B r

* Horat. Carm. 1. od. 13.

† Ne scilicet quis pernumeret. Finitus n. & notus
 numerus fascino, apud Veteres, obnoxius. Idque
 in Basia observatum habes ap. Catul. Carm. 5. & 7.

‡ Amor a Pastore omne genus Musices olim edoc-
 tus, Bion Idyll. 3.

BY THE SAME.

SO much a stranger my severer muse
 Is not to love-strains, or a Shepward's Reed,
 But that she knows some rites of Phœbus' dues,
 Of Pan, of Pallas, and hir sister's need.
 Read and commend, she durst these tun'd essaies
 Of him that loves her (she hath ever found
 Hir studies as one circle.) Next she prayes
 His readers be with rose and myrtle crown'd!
 No willow touch them! As his * Baies are free
 From wrong of bolts, so may their chaplets be!

J. SELDEN, Juris C.

† To his Friend the AUTHOR.

DRIVE forth thy flocke, young pastor, to
 that plaine,

Where our old shepeards wont their flocks to feed;

To

* Baies (faire readers) being the materials of
 poet's ghirlands (as myrtle and roses are for enjoying
 lovers, and the fruitlesse willow for them which your
 unconstancie, too oft, makes most unhappy) are
 supposed not subject to any hurt of Jupiter's thun-
 derbolts, as other trees are.

† See Canto 5. p. 108. and B. 2. S. 2. p. 37.

To those cleare walkes, where many a ~~skilfull~~
 swaine
 To'ards the calme ev'ning, tun'd his pleasant
 reede.

Those, to the muses once so sacred, downes,
 As no rude foote might there presume to stand:
 (Now made the way of the unworthiest clownes,
 Dig'd and plow'd up with each unhallowed hand)
 If possible thou canst, redeeme those places,
 Where, by the brim of many a silver spring,
 The learned maydens, and delightfull graces
 Often have fate to heare our shepherd's sing:
 Where on those pines the neighb'ring groves
 among,

(Now utterly neglected in these dayes)
 Our garlands, pipes, and cornamutes were hong
 The monuments of our deserved praise.
 So may thy sheepe-like, so thy lambes increase,
 And from the wolfe feede over safe and free!
 So maist thou thrive, among the learned prease,
 As thou young shepherd art belov'd of me!

* MICHAEL DRAITON.

* He likewise pays him this compliment in his
 Epistle on Poets and Poetry, in the 2d. vol. of his
 Poems, in fol. printed 1627, p. 208.

Then they two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,
 My dear companions, whom I freely chose;

My

To his ingenious and worthy Friend the
AUTHOR.

HE that will tune his oaten-pipe aright.
To great Apollo's harp: he that will write
A living poem; must have many yeres,
And settled judgment 'mongst his equall peeres,
In well-rig'd barke to steere his doubtfull course;
Least secret, rockie envy; or the source
Of froathy, but skye-tow'ring arrogance;
Or fleeting, sandy vulgar-censure chance
To leave him ship-wrackt, on the desert maine
Imploring aged Neptune's help in vaine.
The younger cygnet, even at best, doth teare,
With his harsh squealings, the melodious care:
It is the old, and dying swan that sings
Notes worthy life, worthy the Thespian springs.
But thou art young; and yet thy voyce as sweet,
Thy verse as smooth, composure as discreet

As

My bosom * friends; and in their severall wayes
Rightly born poets, and in these last days
Men of much note, and no less noble parts, &c.

* Sir John Beaumont, Bart. and his brother Francis
Beaumont, Esq;

As any swans, whose tunefull notes are spent
On Thames his bancks; which makes me confident,

He knows no musick, hath not cares, nor tongue,
That not commends a voyce so sweet, so young-

On him; a Pastorall ODE to his fairest
SHEPHEARDESSE.

SYREN more then earthly faire,

Sweetly breake the yeelding ayre:

Sing on Albion's whitest rockes:

Sing; whilst Willie to his flockes,

Deftly tunes his various reede.

Sing; and he, whilst younglings feede,

Answer shall thy best of singing,

With his rurall musicke, bringing

Equall pleasure; and requite

Musicke's sweets with like delight.

What though Willie's songs be plaine,

Sweet they be: for he's a swaine

Made of purer mould then earth.

Him did Nature from his birth,

And the muses single out,

For a second Colin Clout.

Tityrus made him a singer:

Pan him taught his pipe to finger:

Numbers,

Numbers, curious eares to please,
Learn'd he of Philifides.

Kala loves him: and the lasses
Points at him, as by he passes,
Wishing never tongue that's bad
Censure may so blithe lad.

Therefore well can he requite
Musicke's sweets with like delight:
Sing then; breake the yeelding ayre,
Syren more then earthly fayre.

è So. Int. Templ. EDWARD HEYWARD.

* To his Friend the AUTHOR, upon his POEM.

THIS plant is knotlesse that puts forth these
leaves,

Upon whose branches I his praise doe sing:
Fruitfull the ground, whose verdure it receives
From fertile nature and the learned spring.
In zeale to good; knowne, but unpractiz'd ill,
Chaste in his thoughts, though in his youthful
prime,

He writes of past'rall love, with nectar'd quill,
And offers up his first fruits unto time.

Receive

* See Book 2. Canto 2. p. 37.

Receive them (Time) and in thy border place
them

Among thy various flowers of poesie;
No Envy blast, nor Ignorance deface them,
But keepe them fresh in fayrest memory!

And, when from Daphne's tree he plucks
more baies

His Shepherd's Pipe may chant more heav'nly
laies,

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE,

A N A G R A M M A.

GUILLIELMUS BROWNE. Ne vulgo Librum ejus.

SI vulgus gustare tuo velis apta palato;

I, pete vulgares, ac aliunde, dapes.

Nil vulgare sapit liber hic; hinc vulgus abesto;

Non nisi delicias hæc tibi mensa dabit.

¶ So. Int. Templ.

FR. DYNNE.

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

ON (jolly lad) and hie thee to the field
Amongst the best swaines that the vallies yeeld;
Goe boldly, and in presence of them all,
Proceede a shepheard with this pastorall.
Let Pan, and all his rurall traine attending,
From stately mountaines to the plaines descending,
Salute

Salute this pastor with their kinde embraces;
 And entertaine him to their holy places
 Let all the nymphes of hils and dales together
 Kisse him for earnest of his welcome thither:
 Crowne him with garlands of the choicest flowres,
 And make him ever dwell within their bowres;
 For well I wote in all the plaines around,
 There are but few such shepheards to be found,
 That can such learned layes and ditties frame,
 Or aply fit their tunes unto the same.
 And let them all (if this young swaine should die)
 Tune all their reedes to sing his memorie.

2 So. Int. Templ.

THO. GARDINER.

To the Author.

HAD I beheld thy muse upon the stage,
 A poeie in fashion with this age;
 Or had I seene, when first I view'd thy taske,
 An active wit dance in a satyre's maske,
 I should in those have prais'd thy wit and art,
 But not thy ground, a poem's better part:
 Which being the perfect't image of the braine,
 Not fram'd to any base end, but to gaine
 True approbation of the artist's worth,
 When to an open view he sets it forth,
 Judiciously: he strives, no lesse t'adorne
 By a choise subject, then a curious forme:
 Well

Well hast thou then past o'er all other rhyme,
 And in a pastorall spent thy leasure's time :
 Where fruit so sayre, and field so fruitfull is,
 That hard it is to judge whether in this
 The substance or the fashion more excell,
 So precious is the jemme, and wrought so well.
 Thus rest thou prais'd of me, fruit, field, jemme
 art,

Doe claime much praise to equall such a desert.

è So. Med. Templ. W. FERRAR.

To the AUTHOR.

FRRIEND, ile not erre in blazing of thy
 worth;

This worke in truest termes will set it forth :
 In these few lines the all I doe intend
 Is but to shew that I have such a friend.

è So. Int. Templ. FR. OULDE.

To the most ingenious Author Mr. W. BROWNE.

INgenious swaine! that highly dost adorne
 Clear Tavy! on whose brinck we both were
 borne!

Just praise in me would ne're be thought to move
 From thy sole worth, but from my partiall love.

Wherefore

Wherefore I will not doe thee so much wrong,
 As by such mixture to allay thy song.
 But while kind strangers rightly praise each grace
 Of thy chaste muse, I (from the happy place,
 That brought thee forth, and thinkes it not unfit
 To boast now, that it earst bred such a wit;)
 Would onely have it knowne I much rejoyce,
 To heare such matters, sung by such a voyce.

JOHN GLANVILL.

To his Friend Mr. BROWNE.

ALL that doe reade thy workes, and see thy
 face,

(Where scarce a haire growes up, thy chin to
 grace)

Doe greatly wonder how so youthfull yeeres
 Could frame a worke, where so much worth
 appeares.

To heare how thou describ'st a tree, a dale,
 A grove, a greene, a solitary vale,
 The evening showers, and the morning gleames,
 The golden mountaines, and the silver streames,
 How smooth thy verse is, and how sweet thy
 times,

How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy lines;
 What more or lesse can there be said by men,
 But, muses rule thy hand, and guide thy pen.

232. Int. Templ.

THO. WENMAN.

To

to his worthily affected Friend Mr. W. BROWNE.

A Wake sad muse, and thou my sadder spright,
Lade so by Time, but more by Fortune's spight;
Awake, and high us to the greene,
There shall be seene
The quaintest lad of all the time
For heater rime:
Whose free and unaffected frames
Take all the swaines
That are not rude and ignorant,
Or envy want.

And envy lest its hate discovered be
A courtly love and friendship offers thee:

The shepardieffes blith and fayre
For thee despayre.

And whosoe're depends on Pan

Holds him a man

Beyond themselves, (if not compare,)

He is so rare,

So innocent in all his wayes

As in his layes.

He master's no low soule who hopes to please

The nephew of the brave Philifides.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

WERE all mens envies fixt in one man's
lookes,
That monster that would prey on fastest fame,
Durst not once checke at thine, nor at thy name:
So he who men can reade as well as bookes
Attest thy lines; thus tryde, they show to us
As Scavya's shield, thyselfe Emeritus.

W. HERBERT.

To my BROWNE, yet brightest swaine
That woons, or haunts, or hill, or plaine.

POETA NASCITUR.

PPIPE on, sweet swaine, till joy, in blisse, sleepe
waking:

Hermes, it seemes, to thee, of all the swaines,
Hath lent his pipe and art: for, thou art making
With sweet notes (noted) heav'n of hills and
plaines!

Nay, if as thou beginn'st, thou dost hold on,
The totall earth thine Arcadie will be;
And Neptune's monarchy thy Helicon:
So, all in both will make a God of thee.

To whom they will exhibit sacrifice
Of richest love and praise; and, envious swaines

(Charm'd

Charm'd with thine accents) shall thy notes
agnize

To reach above great Pan's in all thy straines.

Then, ply this veyne: for, it may well containe

The richest morales under poorest shroud;

And sith in thee the past'rall spirit doth raigne,

On such wit's treasures let it sit abroad:

Till it hath hatch'd such numbers as may buy

The rarest Fame that e're enriched ayre;

Or fann'd the way faire to Eternity,

To which, unfoild, thy glory shall repaire!

Where (with the Gods that in faire starres doe
dwell,

When thou shalt, blazing, in a starre abide)

Thou shalt be fill'd the Shepherd's Starre, to tell

Them many mysteries, and be their guide.

Thus, doe I spurre thee on with sharpest praise,

To use thy gifts of nature, and of skill,

To double-gilde Apollo's browes, and bayes,

Yet make great Nature Art's true sov'raigne still.

So, Fame shall ever say, to thy renowne,

The Shepherd's Starre, or bright'st in sky, is

Browne!

The true lover of thine

Art and Nature,

JOHN DAVIES of Heref.

Ad ILLUSTRISSIMUM JUVENEM
GULIELMUM BROWNE, Generosum,
In Operis sui Tomum secundum.

CARMEN GRATULATORIUM.

Scripta prius vidi, legi, digitoque notavi
Carminis istius singula verba meo.
Ex scriptis sparsum quærebam carpere dicta,
Omnia sed par est, aut ego nulla notem.
Filia si fuerit facies hæc nacta sororis,
Laudator prolis solus & Author eris:
Hæc nondum visi qui flagrat amore libelli
Prænarrat scriptis omnia certa tuis.

CAROLUS CROKE.

To my noble Friend the AUTHOR.

A Perfect pen, itselſe will ever praise.
So pipes our ſhepherd in his roundelays,
That who could judge of muſiques ſweeteſt
ſtraine,
Would ſwear thy muſe were in a heavenly vayne.
A worke of worth, ſhewes what the worke-man is;
When as the fault that may be found amiſſe,
(To ſuch at leaſt, as have judicious eyes)
Nor in the worke, nor yet the worke-man lyes.
Well worthy thou, to weare the lawrell wreath:
When from thy breaſt, theſe bleſſed thoughts do
breaſe;
That

That in thy gracious lines such grace doe give,
It makes thee, everlastingly to live.
Thy words well coucht, thy sweet invention show,
A perfect poet, that could place them so.

So. Int. Templ.

UNTON CROKE.

To the AUTHOR.

THAT priviledge which others claime,
To flatter with their friends,
With thee (friend) shall not be mine ayme,
My verse so much pretends.
The generall umpire of best wit
In this will speake thy fame.
The muse's minions as they sit,
Will still confirme the same.
Let me sing him that merits best,
Let other scrape for fashion;
Their buzzing prate thy worth will jest,
And sleight such commendation.

ANTH. VINCENT.

To his worthy Friend Mr. WILLIAM BROWNE,
On his BOOKE.

THAT poets are not bred so, but so borne,
Thy muse it proves; for in her ages morne
She hath stroke envy dumbe, and charm'd the love
Of ev'ry muse whose birth the skyes approve.

Goe

Goe on; I know thou art too good to feare.

And may thy carely straines affect the eare
Of that rare Lord, who judge and guerdon can
The richer gifts which doe advantage man!

è So. Int. Templ.

JOHN MORGAN.

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

Sometimes (deare friend) I make thy booke
my meat,

And then I judge 'tis hony that I eate.

Sometimes my drinke it is, and then I thinke
It is Apollo's nectar, and no drinke.

And being hurt in minde, I keepe in store
Thy booke, a precious balsame for the sore.

'Tis hony, nectar, balsame most divine:

Or one word for them all; my Friend, 'tis thine.

è So. Int. Templ.

THO. HEYGATE.

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

I F antique swaines wanne such immortall praise,
Though they alone with their melodious layes,
Did onely charme the woods and flow'ry lawnes:
Satyres, and floods, and stones, and hairy sawnes:
How much brave youth to thy due worth belongs
That charm't not them but men with thy sweet
songs?

è So. Int. Templ.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

To the AUTHOR.

TIS knowne I scorne to flatter (or commend)
 What merits not applause though in my Friends;
 Which by my censure should now more appeare,
 Were this not full as good as thou art deare:
 But since thou couldst not (erring) make it so,
 That I might my impartiall humour show
 By finding fault; nor one of these friends tell
 How to show love so ill, that I as well
 Might paint out mine: I feele an envious touch,
 And tell thee swaine: that at thy fame I grutch,
 Wishing the art that makes this poeme shine,
 And this thy worke (wert not thou wronged) mine.
 For when detraction shall forgotten be
 This will continue to eternize thee;
 And if hereafter any busie wit
 Should, wronging thy conceit, miscensure it,
 Though seeming learn'd or wise: here he shall see,
 'Tis prais'd by wiser and more learn'd than he.

G. WITHER.

To Mr. BROWNE.

WERE there a thought so strange as to
 deny
 That happy bayes doe some mens births adorne,
 Thy worke alone might serve to justifie
 That poets are not made so, but so borne.

How

How could thy plumes thus soone have soard
thus hie

Hadst thou not lawrell in thy cradle worne?

Thy birth o'er-took thy youth: and it doth make

Thy youth (herein) thine elders over-take.

W. B.

To my truly-belov'd Friend, Mr. BROWN,
On his PASTORALS.

SOME men, of bookes or freinds not speaking
right,

May hurt them more with praise, then foes
with spight.

But I have seene thy worke, and I know thee:

And, if thou list thyselfe, what thou canst be.

For, though but early in these pathes thou tread,

I find thee write most worthy to be read.

It must be thine owne judgment, yet, that sends

This thy worke forth: that judgment mine

commends.

And, where the most reade bookes on author's
fames,

Or, like our money-brokers, take up names
On credit, and are cossen'd; see, that thou

By off'ring not more sureties, then inow,
Hold thyne owne worth unbroke: which is so
good

Upon th' exchange of letters, as I wou'd
More of our writers would like thee, not swell
With the how much they set forth, but th' how
well.

BEN JONSON.

BRITANNIA's

PASTORALS.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.



*Marina's love ycleep'd the faire,
Celand's disdain, and her despair,
Are the first wings my Muse puts on
To reach the sacred Helicon.*

That whileare neere Tavie's * stragling spring,
Unto my feely sheepe did use to sing,
And plaid to please my selfe, on rusticke reede,
Nor sought for baye, (the learned shepherd's
meede,)

B

But

* Tavie is a river, having his head in Dertmore in Devon, some few miles from Marie Tavy, and falls southward into Tamar: out of the same moore riseth, running northward, another, called Tau: which by the way the rather I speake of, because in the printed *Malmesburie de Gest. Pontific. lib. 2. fol. 146.* you reade, *Est in Dommonia canobium Monachorum juxta Tau*

But as a swayne unkent fed on the plaines,
 And made the Eccho umpire of my straines:
 Am drawne by time, (altho' the weak'st of many)
 To sing those layes as yet unsung of any.
 What neede I tune the swaines of Thessaly?
 Or, bootelesse, adde to them of Arcadie?
 No: faire Arcadia cannot be compleater,
 My prayse may lesse, but not make thee greater
 My Muse for lofty pitches shall not rome,
 But homely pipen of her native home:
 And to the swaynes, love rural minstrallie,
 Thus, deare Britannie, will I sing of thee.

High on the plaines of that renowned ile,
 Which all men Beautie's Garden-plot enstyle,
 A shepheard dwelt, whom fortune had made rich
 With all the gifts that seely men bewitch.
 Neere him a shepheardeesse, for beautie's store
 Unparalell'd of any age before.

Within

Tau fluvium, quod Tavistock vocatur: whereas upon Tau stands (neere the north-side of the shire) Taustocke, being no remnants of a monasterie: so that you must there reade, *juxta Tavi Fluvium*, as in a manuscript copie of Malmesburie (the forme of the hand assuring Malmesburie's time) belonging to the Abbey of S. Augustine in Canterburie I have seen, in the hands of my very learned friend M. Selden.

oke Song I. BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

3

Within those breasts her face a flame did move,
Which never knew before what 'twas to love,
Dazeling each shepherd's sight that view'd her
eyes.

And as the Persians did idolatrise
Unto the Sunne: they thought that Cinthia's
light

Might well be spar'd, where she appear'd in
night.

And as when many to the goale doe runne,
The prize is given never but to one:

So first; and onely Celandine was led,
Of destinies and heaven much favoured,

To gaine this beautie, which I here do offer
To memorie: his paynes (who would not proffer

Paynes for such pleasures?) were not great nor
much,

But that his labour's recompence was such
As countervayled all: for the whose passion,

(And passion oft is love) whose inclination
Bent all her course to him-wards, let him know

He was the elme whereby her vine did grow:
Yea, told him, when his tongue began this taske,

She knew not to deny when he would aske.
Finding his suite as quickly got as mov'd,

Celandine, in his thoughts not well approv'd
What none could disallow, his love grew fained,

And what he once affected, now disdained.

But faire Marina (for so was she call'd)
Having in Celandine her love install'd,
Affected so this faithlesse shepheard's boy,
That she was rapt beyond degree of joy.
Briefely, she could not live one houre without him,
And thought no joy like theirs that liv'd about him.

This variable shepheard for a while
Did nature's jewell, by his craft, beguile:
And still the perfecter her love did grow,
His did appeare more counterfeit in show.
Which she perceiving that his flame did flake,
And lov'd her onely for his trophie's sake:
"For he that's stuffed with a faithlesse tumour,
"Loves onely for his lust and for his humour:"
And that he often in his merry fit
Would say, his good came, ere he hop'd for it:
His thoughts for other subjects being prest,
Esteeming that as nought, which he possesse:
"For, what is gotten but with little paine,
"As little grieve we take to lose againe:"
Well-minded Marine grieving, thought it strange
That her ingratefull swaine did seeke for change.
Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
Joyes to the wane: heart-rending-griefe did pull
Her from herselfe, and she abandon'd all
To cryes and teares, fruits of a funerall:
Running, the mountaines, fields, by watry springs,
Filling each cave with wofull ecchoings;

Making

Making in thousand places her complaint,
And uttering to the trees what her tears meant.

"For griefes conceal'd (proceeding from desire)

"Consume the more, as doth a close pent fire."

Whilst that the daye's sole eye doth guide the
feas,

In his daye's journey to th' Antipodes:

And all the time the Jetty-Chariotere

Hurles her black mantle through our hemisphere.

Under the covert of a sprouting pyne

She sits and grieves for faithlesse Celandine.

Beginning thus: Alas! and must it be

That love, which thus torments and trouble me

In setting it, so small advice hath lent

To make me captive, where enfranchisement

Cannot be gotten? nor where, like a slave,

The office due to faithfull prisoners, have?

Oh cruell Celandine, why shouldst thou hate

Her, who to love thee, was ordain'd by fate!

Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice

My wretched life to thy betraying eyes?

Aye me! of all, my most unhappy lot,

What others would, thou maist, and yet wilt not.

Have I rejected those that me ador'd,

To be of him, whom I adore, abhor'd?

And pass'd by others teares, to make election

Of one, that should so passe by my affection?

I have: and see, the heav'nly powers intend
"To punish sinners in what they offend."
May be, he takes delight to see in me
The burning rage of hellish jelousie;
Tries if in fury any love appears;
And bathes his joy within my flood of teares.
But if he lov'd to soile my spotlesse soule,
And me amongst deceived maides enroule,
To publish to the world my open shame:
Then heart take freedom; hence accursed flame;
And, as Queene regent, in my heart shall move
"Disdaine, that onely over-ruleth love:"
By this infranchiz'd sure my thoughts shall be,
And in the same sort love, as thou lov'st me.
But what? or can I cancell or unbinde
That which my heart hath seal'd and love hath
sign'd?
No, no, grieve doth deceive me more each houre;
"For, who so truly loves, hath not that power."
I wrong to say so, since of all 'tis knowne,
"Who yeelds to love doth leave to be her owne."
But what availes my living thus apart?
Can I forget him? or out of my heart
Can tears expulse his image? surely no.
"We well may flye the place, but not the woe:
"Love's fire is of a nature which by turnes
"Consumes in presence, and in absence burnes."
And

And knowing this, aye me! unhappy wight!
 That meanes is left to helpe me in this plight?
 And from that peevish, shooting, hood-winckt else,
 To repofesse my love, my heart, my selfe?
 Onely this helpe I finde, which I elect,
 Since what my life, nor can nor will effect,
 My ruine shall: and by it, I shall finde,
 Death cures (when all helps faile) the grieved
 minde."
 And welcome here, (than love, a better guest)
 That of all labours art the onely rest:
 Whilst thus I live, all things difcomfort give,
 The life is fure a death wherein I live:
 And life and death do differ in this one,
 That life hath ever cares, and death hath none.
 But if that he (difdainfull fwaine) should know
 That for his love I wrought my overthrow;
 Will he not glory in't? and from my death
 Draw more delights, and give new joyes their
 breath?
 Admit he doe, yet better 'tis that I
 Tender my selfe to death than misery.
 Cannot live, thus barred from his fight,
 Nor yet endure, in prefence, any wight.
 Should love him but my selfe. O reason's eye,
 How art thou blinded with wilde jeloufie!
 And is it thus? Then which shall have my blood,
 Or certaine ruine, or uncertaine good?

Why

Why do I doubt? Are we not still adviz'd,
"That certaintie in all things best is priz'd?"
Then, if a certaine end can helpe my mone,
"Know Death hath certaintie, but Life hath
none."

Here is a mount, whose toppe seemes to despise
The farre inferiour vale that under lies:
Who, like a great man rais'd aloft by fate,
Measures his height by others meane estate:
Neere to whose foote there glides a silver flood,
Falling from hence, I'll climbe unto my good:
And by it finish love and reason's strife,
And end my misery as well as life.
But as a coward's hartener in warre,
The stirring drumme, keepes lesser noyse from farre,
So seeme the murmuring waves, tell in mine eare,
That guiltlesse blood was never spilled there.
Then stay awhile; the beasts that haunt those
springs,
Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings,
May doe that deede, (as moved by my cry)
Whereby my soule, as spotlesse ivory,
May turne from whence it came, and, freed
from hence,
Be unpolluted of that foule offence.
But why protract I time? Death is no stranger,
"And generous spirits never feare for danger:
Death

Death is a thing most naturall to us,
And feare doth onely make it odious."

As when to seeke her foode abroad doth rove
The Nuncius of peace, the seely dove,
Two sharpe set hawkes doe her on each side hem,
And she knowes not which way to flye from them:
Or like a shippe, that tossed to and fro
With winde and tyde, the wind doth sternely blow,
And drives her to the maine, the tyde comes fore
And hurles her backe againe towards the shore;
And since her balast, and her sailes doe lacke,
One brings her out, the other beates her backe;
Till one of them encreasing more his shokes,
Hurles her to shore, and rends her on the rockes:
So stood she long, twixt love and reason tost,
Untill despaire (who, were it comes rules most)
Wonne her to throw herselfe, to meete with
death,

From off the rocke into the floud beneath.

The waves that were above, when as she fell,
For feare flew backe againe into their well;
Doubting ensuing times on them would frowne,
That they so rare a beauty help'd to drowne,
Her fall, in grieve, did make the streame so rore,
That sullen murmurings filled all the shore.

A shepheard (neere this floud that fed his
sheepe,

Who at this chance left grazing and did weepe)

Having

Having so sad an object for his eyes,
 Left pipe and flocke, and in the water flies,
 To save a jewell, which was never sent
 To be possesst by one sole element:
 But such a worke nature dispos'd and gave,
 Where all the elements concordance have.
 He tooke her in his armes, for pittie cride,
 And brought her to the river's further side:
 Yea, and he sought by all his arte and paine,
 To bring her likewise to herselfe againe:
 While she that by her fall was senselesse left,
 And almost in the waves had life bereft,
 Lay long, as if her sweet immortall spirit
 Was fled some other palace to inherit.

But as cleere Phoebus, when some foggy cloud
 His brightnesse from the world a while doth
 shrowd,

Doth by degrees beginne to shew his light
 Unto the view: or, as the Queene of night,
 In her increasing hornes, doth rounder grow,
 Till full and perfect she appeare in shew:
 Such order in this mayde the shepheard spyes,
 When she beganne to shew the world her eyes.
 Who (thinking now that she had past death's
 dreame,

Occasion'd by her fall into the streame,
 And that hell's ferriman did then deliver
 Her to the other side th' infernall river)

Said

Said to the swaine: O Charon, I am bound
More to thy kindenesse, then all else, that round
Come thronging to thy boate: thou hast past over
The woful'st maide that ere these shades did cover:
But prithee ferriman direct my spright
Where that blacke river runnes that Lethe hight,
That I of it (as other ghosts) may drinke,
And never of the world, or love, more thinke.
The swaine perceiving by her words ill sorted,
That she was wholly from herselfe transported;
And fearing lest those often idle fits
Might cleane expell her uncollected wits:
Faire nymph, (said he) the powers above deny
So faire a beautie should so quickly dy:
The heavens unto the world have made a loane,
And must for you have interest, three for one:
Call backe your thoughts o'er-cast with dolour's
night;

Do you not see the day, the heavens, the light?
Do you not know in Plutoe's darke some place
The light of heaven did never shew his face?
Do not your pulses beate, y'are warme, have breath,
Your sense is rapt with feare, but not with death?
I am not Charon, nor of Plutoe's hoast;
Nor is there flesh and bloud found in a ghost:
But as you see, a seely shepheard's swaine,
Who, though my meere revenues be the traine

Of

Of milk-white sheepe, yet am I joy'd as much,
 In saving you, (O, who would not save such?)
 As ever was the wand'ring youth of * Greece,
 That brought, from Colchos, home, the golden
 Fleece.

The never-too-much-praised faire Marine,
 Hearing those words, beleev'd her eares and eyne:
 And knew how she escaped had the flood
 By meanes of this young swaine that neere her
 stood.

Whereat for griefe she gan againe to faint,
 Redoubling thus her cryes and sad complaint:
 Alas! and is that likewise barr'd from me,
 Which for all persons else lies ever free?
 Will life, nor death, nor ought abridge my paine?
 But live still dying, dye to live againe?
 The most unhappy I! which finde most sure,
 The wound of Love, neglected, is past cure.
 Most cruell God of Love (if such there be)
 That still to my desires art contrary!
 Why should I not in reason this obtaine,
 That as I love, I may be lov'd againe?
 Alas! with thee too, nature playes her parts,
 That fram'd so great a discord, tweene two harts:
 One flies, and alwaies doth in hate prefever;
 The other followes, and in love growes ever.

Why

* Jafon.

Why dost thou not extinguish cleane this flame,
And plac't on him that best deserves the same?
Why had not I affected some kinde youth
Whose everie word had bene the word of truth?
Who might have had to love, and lov'd to have
So true a heart as I to Celand gave.
For * Psyche's love! if beautie gave thee birth,
Or if thou hast attractive power on earth,
Dame Venus' sweetest childe, requite this love;
Or fate yeeld meanes my soule may hence remove!
Once seeing in a spring her drowned eyes,
O cruell beautie, cause of this (she cries,)
Mother of Love, (my joye's most fatall knife)
That workt her death, by whom thyselfe hast life!

The youthfull swaine that heard this loving saint
So oftentimes to poure forth such complaint,
Within his heart such true affection prais'd,
And did perceive kinde love and pittie rais'd
His minde to fighes; yea, beautie forced this,
That all her grieve he thought was likewise his.
And having brought her what his lodge affords,
Sometime he wept with her, sometime with words
Would seeke to comfort; when alas poor elfe
He needed then a comforter himselfe.
Daily whole troupes of grieve unto him came,
For her who languish'd of another flame.

H

* See Apulinus's, Golden As, 4th, 5th, and 6th v.

If that she sigh'd he thought him lov'd of her,
When 'twas another faile her winde did stirre:
But had her fighes and teares beene for this boy,
Her sorrow had beene lesse, and more her joy.
Long time in griefe he hid his love-made paines,
And did attend her walkes in woods and plaines;
Bearing a fuell, which her sun-like eyes
Inflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice.
Yet he, sad swaine, to shew it did not dare;
And she, least he should love, nye dy'd for feare.
She, ever-wailing, blam'd the powers above,
That night nor day give any rest to love.
He prais'd the heavens in silence, oft was mute,
And thought with tears and sighs to winne his
fute.

Once in the shade, when she by sleepe repos'd,
And her cleare eyes twixt her faire lids enclos'd;
The shepheard swaine begaune to hate and curse
That day unfortunate, which was the nurse
Of all his sorrowes. He had given breath
And life to her, which was his cause of death.
O Æsop's snake, that thirstest for his bloud,
From whom thyselfe receiv'dst a certayne good.
Thus oftentimes unto himselfe alone
Would he recount his griefe, utter his mone;
And after much debating did resolve
Rather his grandame earth should cleane involve
His

his pining body, ere he would make knowne
to her, what tares love in his breast had sowne.
He would say, when grieve for speech hath
crie;

"Tis better never aske then be denide."

But as the Queene of rivers, fairest Thames,
that for her buildings other floods enflames
with greatest envie; or the * Nymph of Kent,
that stateliest ships to sea hath ever sent;
some baser groome, for lucre's hellish course,
her channell having stopt, kept backe her fource,
Fill'd with disdain) doth swell above her
mounds,

and overfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,
hungry she teares up all that stops her way,
and with more violence runnes to the sea:

the kind shepheard's grieve (which long upward
drew more in powre and longer in extent)

with the kind of his heart more violently thrust,
and all his vow'd intentions quickly burst.

Marina hearing sighes, to him drew neere,
and did entreate his cause of grieve to heare:

but had she knowne her beauty was the sting,
that caused all that instant forrowing;

silence in bands her tongue had stronger kept,
and sh'ad not ask'd for what the shepheard wept.

The

* Medway.

The swaine first, of all times, this best did thinke
To shew his love, whilst on the river's brinke
They sate alone, then thought, he next would
move her

With sighes and teares, (true tokens of a lover:
And since she knew what helpe from him she
found

When in the river she had else beene drown'd,
He thinketh sure she cannot but grant this,
To give reliefe to him, by whom she is:
By this incited, said; Whom I adore,
Sole mistresse of my heart, I thee implore,
Doe not in bondage hold my freedome long;
And since I life or death hold from your tongue
Suffer my heart to love; yea, dare to hope
To get that good of love's intended scope.
Grant I may praise that light in you I see,
And dying to my selfe, may live in thee.
Faire nymph surcease this death-alluring languish
So rare a beautie was not borne for anguish.
Why shouldst thou care for him that cares not for
thee?

Yea, most unworthy wight, seemes to abhorre thee
And if he be as you doe here paint forth him,
He thinkes you best of beauties are not worth him
That all the joyes of love will not quit cost
For all lov'd freedome which by it is lost.

Within

Within his heart such selfe-opinion dwells,
 That his conceit in this he thinkes excels;
 Counting women beautie's sugred baits,
 That never catch, but fooles, with their deceits:
 Who of himselfe harbours so vaine a thought,
 Truly to love could never yet be brought."
 When love that heart, where lies no faithlesse
 feed,

That never wore dissimulation's weed:
 Who doth account all beauties of the spring,
 That iocund summer-daies are ushering,
 As foiles to yours. But if this cannot move
 Your minde to pittie, nor your heart to love;
 Yet, sweetest, grant me love to quench that flame,
 Which burnes you now. Expell his worthlesse
 name,

And cleane roote him out by me, and in his place
 Let him inhabit, that will runne a race
 More true in love. It may be for your rest.
 And when he sees her, who did love him best,
 Possessed by another, he will rate
 The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late:
 For what is in our powers, we little deeme,
 And things possessed by others, best esteeme."
 If all this gaine you not a Shepheard's wife,
 Let give not death to him which gave you life.
 Marine the faire, hearing his woing tale,
 Perceived well what wall his thoughts did scale.

C

And

And answer'd thus: I pray Sir Swaine, wh
boote

Is it to me to plucke up by the roote
My former love, and in his place to sow
As ill a seede, for any thing I know?
Rather 'gainst thee I mortall hate retaine,
That seek'st to plant in me new cares, new paine
Alas! th' hast kept my soule from death's swee
bands,

To give me over to a tyrant's hands;
Who on his racks will torture by his powre,
This weakned, harmlesse body, every howre.
Be you the judge, and see if reason's lawes
Give recompence of favour for this cause:
You from the streames of death, brought life o
shore;

Releas'd one paine, to give me ten times more.
For love's sake, let my thoughts in this be free
Object no more your haplesse saving me:
That obligation which you thinke should binde,
Doth still encrease more hatred in my minde;
Yea, I doe thinke, more thanks to him were due
That would bereave my life, than unto you.

The thunder-stroken Swaine lean'd to a tree,
As voyd of sence as weeping Niobe:
Making his teares the instruments to wooe her,
The seawherein his love should swimme unto her:
And,

ad, could there flow from his two-headed fount,
 great a flood as is the Hellespont,
 within that deep he would as willing wander,
 to meet his Hero, as did ere * Leander.
 eane while the Nymph withdrew herselfe aside,
 and to a grove at hand her steps applide.
 With that sad sight (O! had he never seene,
 his heart in better case had ever beene)
 against his heart, against the streame he went,
 with this resolve, and with a full intent,
 when of that streame he had discovered
 the fount, the well-spring, or the bubbling head,
 where there would sit, and with the well drop vie,
 that it before his eyes would first runne drie:
 then he thought the † God that haunts that
 lake,
 the spoyling of his spring would not well take.
 and therefore leaving soone the christall flood,
 he took his way unto the neereff wood:

C 2

Seating

* See Musæus and Ovid's Epistles; likewise the
 Idylliad, a Poem, in six books, begun by Christo-
 pher Marlow, and finished by George Chapman;
 highly esteemed by Ben Jonson.

† Dææ sanè et Nymphæ, plerunquæ fontibus & flu-
 viis præsumunt apud poetas; quæ Ephyræades & Nai-
 ades dictæ: verum & nobis tamen deum præficere
 Alpheum Tyberinum, & Rhenum, & id genus
 alios divos legimus) haud illicitum.

Seating himselfe within a darlesome cave,
 (Such places heavy Saturnists doe crave,)
 Where yet the gladsome day was never seene,
 Nor Phoebus' piercing beams had ever beene,
 Fit for the synode house of those fell legions,
 That walke the mountains, and Silvanus region
 Where Tragedie might have her full scope give
 From mens aspects, and from the view to heav
 Within the same some crannies did deliver
 Into the midst thereof a pretty river;
 The Nymph whereof came by out of the veyn
 Of our first mother, having late tane paines
 In scouring of her channell all the way,
 From where it first beganne to leave the sea.
 And in her labour thus farre now had gone,
 When comming through the cave, she he
 that one

Spake thus: "If I doe in my death persevere,
 "Pittie may that effect, which love could never
 By this she can conjecture 'twas some swaine,
 Who overladen by a maide's disdaine,
 Had here (as fittest) chosen out a place,
 Where he might give a period to the race
 Of his loath'd life: which she (for pittie's sake
 Minding to hinder, div'd into her lake,
 And hast'ned where the ever-teeming earth
 Unto her current gives a wished birth;

led by her new-delivered river's side,
 on a banke of flow'rs, had soone espide
 Remond, young Remond, that full well could
 sing,
 and tune his pipe at Pan's-birth carolling:
 who for his nimble leaping, sweetest layes,
 Lawrell garland wore on holidayes;
 framing of whose hand dame Nature swore
 there never was his like, nor should be more:
 whose locks (insnaring nets) were like the rayes,
 therewith the sunne doth diaper the seas:
 which if they had beene cut, and hung upon
 the snow-white cliffes of fertile Albion,
 should have allured more, to be, their winner,
 when all the * diamonds that are hidden in her.
 When she accosted thus: swaine of the Wreathe,
 thou art not placed, only here to breathe;
 that nature in thy framing shewes to me,
 be good; and surely I myselfe perswade,
 thou never wert for evill action made.
 The heaven's consistory 'twas decreed,
 that choifest fruit should come from choifest
 feede;

* Julium Cæsarem, spe Margaritarum, Britan-
 nam petisse, scribit Sueton. in Jul. cap. 47. & ex iis
 oracem factum Veneri genetrici dicasse. Plin.
 Hist. Nat. 9. cap. 35. De Margaritis verò nostris
 Aulus Camden. in Cornub. & Somerset.

In baser vessels we doe ever put
Basest materials, doe never shut
Those jewels most in estimation set,
But in some curious costly cabinet.
If I may judge by th' outward shape alone,
Within, all vertues have convention :
" For't gives most lustre unto virtue's feature,
" When she appears cloth'd in a goodly crea-
ture."

Halfe way the hill, neere to those aged trees,
Whose insides are as hives for lab'ring bees,
(As who should say (before their rootes were
dead)

For good workes sake and almes, they harbour
Those whom nought else did cover but the
skies :)

A path (untroden but of beasts) there lies,
Directing to a cave in yonder glade,
Where all this forrest's citizens, for shade
At noone-time come, and are the first, I thinke
That (running through that cave) my waters
drinke :

Within this rocke their sits a wofull wight,
As voide of comfort as that cave of light ;
And as I wot, occasion'd by the frownes
Of some coy Shepheardesse that haunts these
downes.

This

his I doe know (whos'ever wrought his care)
 is a man nye treading to despaire.
 When hie thee thither, since 'tis charitie
 to save a man; leave here thy flocke with me:
 For whilst thou sav'st him from the Stygian bay,
 he keepe thy lambkins from all beasts of prey.
 The neernesse of the danger (in his thought)
 as it doth ever, more compassion wrought:
 so that with reverence to the nymph, he went
 with winged speede, and hast'ned to prevent
 th' untimely seisure of the greedie grave;
 breathlesse, at last, he came into the cave;
 There, by a sign directed to the man,
 to comfort him he in this sort began:
 Shepheard all haile, what meane these plaints?
 this cave

Th' image of death, true portrait of the grave)
 Why dost frequent? and waile thee under
 ground,
 from whence there never yet was pittie found?
 Come forth, and shew thyselfe unto the light,
 Thy griefe to me. If there be ought that might
 Give any ease unto thy troubled minde,
 We joy as much to give, as thou to finde.
 The love-sicke swaine replide: Remond, thou art
 The man alone to whom I would impart

My

My woes, more willing than to any swaine,
 That lives and feeds his sheepe upon the plain
 But vaine it is, and 'twould increase my woes
 By their relation, or to thee or those
 That cannot remedie. Let it suffice,
 No fond distrust of thee makes me precise
 To shew my griefe. Leave me then, and forge
 This cave more sad, since I have made it so.
 Here teares broke forth. And Remond ga
 anew :

With such intreaties earnest to pursue
 His former suite, that he (though hardly) wa
 The shepherd to disclose ; and thus began :
 Know briefly Remond then, a heavenly face,
 Nature's idea, and perfection's grace,
 Within my breast hath kindled such a fire,
 That doth consume all things, except desire ;
 Which daily doth encrease, though alwaies
 burning,

And I want teares, but lacke no cause of
 mourning :

“ For he whom love under his colours drawes,
 “ May often want th' effect, but ne're the
 “ cause.”

Quoth th' other, have thy starres maligne bene
 such,

That their predominations sway so much

Over

er the rest, that with a milde aspect
e lives and loves of shepheards doe affect?
en doe I thinke there is some greater hand,
hich thy endevours still doth countermand:
herefore I wish thee quench the flame, thus
mov'd,

And never love except thou be belov'd:
For such an humour every woman seifeth,
She loves not him that plaineth, but that
“pleaseth.

When much thou lovest, most disdain comes
“on thee;

And when thou thinkest to hold her, she flies
“from thee:

She follow'd, flies; she fled from, followes post,
And loveth best where she is hated most.

'Tis ever noted both in maides and wives,
Their hearts and tongues are never relatives.

Hearts full of holes, (so elder shepheard's saine)
As apter to receive then to retaine.”

Whose crafts and wiles did I intend to show,

This day would not permit me time, I know:

The day's swift horses would their course have
run,

And div'd themselves within the ocean,

Ere I should have performed halfe my taske,

Striving their craftie subtilties t'unmaske.

And

Over

And gentle swaine some counsell take of me ;
Love not still where thou maist ; love, who lov
thee ;

Draw to the courteous, flye thy love's abhorren

" And if she be not for thee, be not for her."

If that she still be wavering, will away,

Why shouldst thou strive to hold what will n
stay ?

This maxime, reason never can confute,

" Better to live by losse than dye by sute."

If to some other love she is inclinde,

Time will at length cleane roote that from he
minde.

Time will extinct loves flames, his hell-like
flashes,

And like a burning brand consum't to ashes.

Yet maist thou still attend, but not importune :

" Who seekes oft misseeth, sleepers light on
fortune,"

Yea, and on woman too. " Thus doltish sots

" Have fate and fairest women for their lots.

" Favour and pittie waite on patience :"

And hatred oft attendeth violence.

If thou wilt get desire, whence love hath
pawn'd it,

Belceve me, take thy time, but ne'er demanda it

Women

f me; women, as well as men, retaine desire;
 who lov it can dissemble, more then men, their fire.
 never caught with lookes, nor selfe-wrought
 rumour;
 her." or by a quaint disguise, nor finging humour.
 whose out-side shewes are toyes, which outwards
 will n snare:
 at virtue lodg'd within, is onely faire.
 thou hast seene the beauty of our nation,
 and find'st her have no love, have thou no
 passion:
 om he nt seeke thou further; other places sure
 ay yeeld a face as faire, a love more pure:
 ell-like leave (O, then leave) fond swaine this idle
 course,
 s. or Love's a God no mortall wight can force.
 tune: Thus Remond said, and saw the faire Marine
 ht o ac'd neere a spring, whose waters christaline
 id in their murmurings bare a part, and plained
 fots hat one so true, so faire, should be disdained:
 ts. Whilst in her cryes, that fil'd the vale along,
 ill Celand was the burthen of her song.
 he stranger shepheard left the other swaine,
 hath o give attendance to his fleecy traine;
 nd it Who in departing from him, let him know,
 ome that yonder was his freedome's over-throw,
 Who

Who fate bewailing (as he late had done)
That love by true affection was not wonne.
This fully knowne : Remond came to the may
And after some few words (her tears allay'd)
Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruell,
To follow hate, and flye love's chiefeft jewell.

Faire, doe not blame him that he thus
moved;

For women sure were made to be beloved.
If beautie wanting lovers long should stay,
It like an house undwelt in would decay :
When in the heart if it have taken place,
Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
The adamant and beautie we discover
To be alike ; for beautie drawes a lover,
The adamant his iron. Doe not blame
His loving then, but that which caus'd the same
Who so is lov'd, doth glory so to be :
The more your lovers, more your victorie.
Know, if you stand on faith, most women
loathing,

'Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
Admit it somewhat, if what we call constance,
Within a heart hath no long time residence,
And in a woman, she becomes alone
Faire to herselfe, but foule to every one.

in a man it once have taken place,
 is a foole, or doates, or wants a face
 to winne a woman, and I thinke it be
 to vertue, but a meere necessitie.
 heaven's powers deny it swaine (quoth he)

have done,
 give not to bring that in derision,

which whosoe'er detracts in setting forth,
 both truely derogate from his owne worth.

is a thing which heaven to all hath lent
 to be their vertue's chiefeft ornament:

Which who so wants, is well compar'd to these
 false tables, wrought by * Alcibiades;

Which noted well of all, were found t' have bin
 most faire without, but most deform'd within.

When shepheard know that I intend to be
 as true to one, as he is false to me.

To one? (quoth he) why so? Maides plea-
 sure take

to see a thousand languish for their sake:

Women desire for lovers of each sort,

and why not you? Th' amorous swaine for
 sport;

The

* They represented a God or Goddes without,
 and a Silenus or deformed Piper within. Erasmus
 has a curious dissertation on Sileni Alcibiades. Adag.
 667. Edit. R. Stephens.

The lad that drives the greatest flocke to field,
Will buskins, gloves, and other fancies yeeld;
The gallant swaine will save you from the jaws
Of ravenous bears, and from the lyon's paws.
Beleeve what I propound; doe many chuse,
“The least hearbe in the field serves for some
“use.”

Nothing perswaded, nor asswag'd by this,
Was fairest Marine, or her heaviness:
But prais'd the shepherd as he ere did hope,
His silly sheepe should fearelesse have the scope
Of all the shadowes that the trees doe lend,
From Raynard's stealth, when Titan doth ascend
And runne his mid-way course: to leave her
there,
And to his bleating charge againe repaire.
He condescended; left her by the brooke,
And to the swaine and's sheepe himselfe be-
tooke.

He gone: she with herselfe thus gan to faine
Alas poore Marine, think'st to to attaine
His love by sitting here? or can the fire
Be quencht with wood? can we allay desire
By wanting what's desired? O that breath,
The cause of life, should be the cause of death!
That who is shipwrackt on love's hidden shelve,
Doth live to others, dyes unto herselfe.

Why

field, my might I not attempt by death as yet
 yeeld, to gaine that freedom, which I could not get,
 jawe, ing hind'red heretofore : a time as free,
 awes, place as fit offers itselſe to me,
 uſe, whoſe ſeed of ill is growne to ſuch a height,
 or ſome, that makes the earth groane to ſupport his
 weight.

his, who ſo is lull'd aſleepe with Midas' treaſures,
 and onely feares by death to loſe life's pleaſures ;
 hope, let them feare death : but ſince my fault is ſuch,
 ſcope, and onely fault, that I have lov'd too much,
 d, in joyes of life why ſhould I ſtand ! for thoſe
 aſcend, which I neere had, I ſurely cannot loſe.

we he, admit a while I to thoſe thoughts conſented,
 Death can be but deferred, not prevented."
 then raging with delay, her teares that fell
 her'd her way, and ſhe into a well
 fe be, ſtraight-wayes leapt after : " O ! how deſpera-
 tion

faine, Attends upon the minde enthral'd to paſſion :"
 The fall of her did make the God below,
 arting, to wonder whence that noiſe ſhould
 grow :

e, Whether ſome ruder clowne in ſpite did fling
 ath ! lambe, untimely ſalne, into his ſpring :
 lſe, and if it were, he ſolemnely then ſwore
 his ſpring ſhould flow ſome other way : no more
 Why Should

Should it in wanton manner ere be seene
 To writhe in knots, or give a gowne of green
 Unto their meadowes, nor be seene to play,
 Nor drive the rushy-mils, that in his way
 The shepherd's made : but rather for their lo
 Send them red waters that their sheepe should n
 And with such moorish springs embrace th
 field,

That it should nought but mosse and rus
 yeeld.

Upon each hillocke, where the merry boy
 Sits piping in the shades his notes of joy,
 He'd shew his anger, by some flood at hand,
 And turne the same into a running sand.

Upon the oake, the plumbe-tree and the holm
 The stock-dove and the blackbird should
 come,

Whose muting on those trees does make to gro
 Rots curing * hyphear, and the misceltoe.

Nor shall this helpe their sheepe, whose stomach
 failes,

By tying knots of wooll neere to their tails :

* Hyphear ad saginanda Pecora utiliomus : n
 autem satum nullo modo nascitur, nec nisi per alvu
 avium redditum maximè Palumbis & Turdi. Pl
 Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44. Hinc illud vetus verbum
 Turdus sibi malum cacat.

as the place next to the knot doth dye,
shall it all the body mortifie.

us spake the God : but when as in the water
the crops came sinking downe, he spide the
matter,

and catching softly in his arms the maide,
brought her up, and having gently laid
her on his banke, did presently command
those waters in her, to come forth : at hand
they straight came gushing out, and did contest
which chiefly should obey their God's behest.
As done, her then pale lips he straight held
as ope,

and from his silver haire let fall a drop
into her mouth, of such an excellence,
that call'd backe life, which griev'd to part
from thence,

long for troth assur'd, that, than this one,
he ne'er possesse a fairer mansion.

When did the God her body forwards steepe,
and cast her for a while into a sleepe ;
Lying still by her did his full view take
his nature's master-piece. Here for her sake,
his pipe in silence as of right shall mourne,
and from the wat'ring we againe returne.

the place next to the front door of
the body mounted.
the God: but when as in the water
drops came falling down, he spoke the
word.
aching softly in his arms the maiden
to her up, and having gently laid
in his arms, did gently command
waters in her, to come forth: at hand
the night came rushing on, and the coast
of chiefly should obey their God's behest.
done, but then pale like the night he did
open.
from his silver hair for all a deep
and mouth, of such an excellence,
called back his, which giv'd to part
from thence,
for from him, that, that this one,
of possess a fairer treasure.
and the God her body towards home,
and her for a while was a breeze;
and still by her did sit and now take
the's matter-piece. More for her sake,
as silence as of night and morning,
from the waiting we again's return.

R
P
OV
Ci
ll g
fl
Or
In
Or
Th
To
W
Th
W
No
Sh
Bu
Be

RITANNIA'S

PASTORALS.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Oblivion's spring, and Dory's love,
With faire Marina's rape, first move
Mine oaten pipe, which after sings
The birth of two renowned springs.*

OW till the sunne shall leave us to our rest,
Cynthia have her brother's place possesst,
I'll goe on : and first in differing stripe,
I shoud-God's speech thus tune on oaten pipe.
Or mortall, or a power above,
Inrag'd by fury, or by love,
Or both, I know not, such a deede
Thou would'st effected, that I bleede
To thinke thereon : alas ! poore elfe,
What growne a traitour to thyselfe ?
This face, this haire, this hand so pure
Were not ordain'd for nothing sure.
Nor was it meant so sweet a breath
Should be expos'd by such a death ;
But rather in some lover's brest
Be given up, the place that best

Befits a lover yeeld his soule.

Nor should those mortals ere controule

The gods, that in their wisedome sage

Appointed have what pilgrimage

Each one should runne: and why should

Abridge the journey set by them?

But much I wonder any wight

If he did turne his outward sight

Into his inward, dar'd to act

Her death, whose body is compact

Of all the beauties ever Nature

Laid up in store for earthly creature.

No savage beast can be so cruell

To rob the earth of such a jewell.

Rather the stately unicorne

Would in his brest enraged scorne,

That maides committed to his charge

By any beast in forrest large

Should so be wrong'd. Satyres rude

Durst not attempt, or ere intrude

With such a minde the flowry balkes

Where harmeleffe virgines have the
walkes.

Would she be wonne with me to stay,

My waters should bring from the sea

The corall red, as tribute due,

And roundest pearles of orient hue:

Or in the richer veines of ground
Should seeke for her the diamond,
And whereas now unto my spring
They nothing else but gravell bring,
They should within a myne of gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And having it to dust well wrought,
By them it hither should be brought;
With which ile pave and over-spread
My bottome, where her foote shall tread.
The best of fishes in my flood
Shall give themselves to be her food.
The trout, the dace, the pike, the breame,
The eele, that loves the troubled streame,
The miller's thombe, the hiding loach,
The perch, the ever-nibbling roach,
The shoates with whom is Tavic fraught,
The foolish gudgeon quickly caught,
And last the little minnow-fish,
Whose chiefe delight in gravell is,

In right she cannot me despise
Because so low mine Empire lyes.
For I could tell how Nature's store
Of majesty appeareth more
In waters, then in all the rest
Of elements. It seem'd her best

To give the waves most strength and pow
For they doe swallow and devour
The earth; the waters quence and kill
The flames of fire: and mounting still
Up in the aire, are seene to be,
As challenging a seignore
Within the heavens, and to be one
That should have like dominion.
They be a feeling and a floore
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours store
Arising from them, vitall spirit
By which all things their life inherit
From them is stopped, kept asunder.
And what's the reason else of thunder,
Of lightning's flashes all about,
That with such violence breake out,
Causing such troubles and such jarres,
As with it selfe the world had warres?
And can there any thing appeare
More wonderfull, then in the aire
Congealed waters oft to spie
Continuing pendant in the skie?
Till falling downe in haile or snow,
They make those mortall wights below
To runne, and ever helpe desire
From his foe element the fire,

Which fearing then to come abroad
Within doores maketh his abode.
Or falling downe oft time in raine,
Doth give Greene liveries to the plaine,
Make shepheard's lambs fit for the dish,
And giveth nutriment to fish.
Which nourisheth all things of worth
The earth produceth and brings forth;
And therefore well considering
The nature of it in each thing:
As when the teeming earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor sow,
Her brest it doth so mollifie,
That it not onely comes to be
More easie for the share and oxe,
But that in harvest times the flocks
Of Ceres' hanging eared corne
Doth fill the hovell and the barne.
To trees and plants I comfort give
By me they fructifie and live:
For first ascending from beneath
Into the skie, with lively breath,
I thence am furnish'd, and bestow
The same on hearbes, that are below.
So that by this each one may see
I cause them spring and multiply.

Who

Who seeth this, can doe no lesse,
 Then of his owne accord confesse,
 That notwithstanding all the strength
 The earth enjoys in breadth and length,
 She is beholding to each streame,
 And hath received all from them,
 Her love to him she then must give
 By whom herselfe doth chiefly live.

This being spoken by this water's God,
 He straight-way in his hand did take his rod,
 And stroke it on his banke, wherewith the flood
 Did such a roaring make within the wood,
 That straight the * Nymph who then sate
 her shore,

Knew there was somewhat to be done in store;
 And therefore hasting to her brother's spring
 She spide what caus'd the waters ecchoing.
 Saw where faire Marine fast asleepe did lie,
 Whilst that the God still viewing her sate by:
 Who when he saw his sister Nymph draw neare,
 He thus gan tune his voyce unto her eare,

Fairest sister (for we come
 Both from the swelling Thetis' wombe)
 The reason why of late I strooke
 My ruling wand upon my brooke

Was

* The watry Nymph that spoke to Remond.

Was for this purpose ; Late this maide
Which on my banke asleepe is laide,
Was by herselfe, or other wight,
Cast in my spring, and did affright
With her late fall, the fish that take
Their chiefeest pleasure in my lake :
Of all the fry within my deepe,
None durst out of their dwellings peepe.
The trout within the weeds did scud,
The eele him hid within the mud.
Yea, from this feare I was not free :
For as I musing sate to see
How th : the pretty pibbles round
Came with my spring from under ground,
And how the waters issuing
Did make them dance about my spring ;
The noyse thereof did me appall :
That starting upward therewithall,
I in my armes her body caught,
And both to light and life her brought :
Then cast her in a sleepe you see.
But brother, to the cause (quoth she)
Why by your raging waters wilde
Am I here called ? Thetis' childe,
Replide the God, for thee I sent,
That when her time of sleepe is spent,

I may

I may commit her to thy gage,
 Since women best know womens rage.
 Meane while, faire Nymph, accompany
 My spring with thy sweet harmony;
 And we will make her soule to take
 Some pleasure, which is sad to wake,
 Although the body hath his rest.

She gave consent: and each of them addrest
 Unto their part. The watry Nymph did sing
 In manner of a pretty questioning:
 The God made answer to what she propound
 Whilst from the spring a pleasant music
 founded,
 (Making each shrub in silence to adore them)
 Taking their subject from what lay before them

N Y M P H.

WHAT's that, compact of earth, infused
 with ayre,
 A certaine, made full with uncertainties;
 Sway'd by the motion of each severall sphere
 Who's fed with nought but infelicities;
 Indures nor heate nor colde; is like a flower
 That this houre sings, next dies?

GOD. It is a man.

YM. What's he, borne to be sicke, so alwayes
dying,

That's guided by inevitable fate;

That comes in weeping, and that goes out
crying;

Whose kalender of woes is still in date;

Whose life's a bubble, and in lenght a span;

A consort still in discords?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

YM. What's he, whose thoughts are still
quell'd in th'event,

Though ne'er so lawfull, by an opposite,

Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent:

And at his eares wears still a parasite:

Hath friends in wealth, or wealthy friends,
who can

In want prove meere illusions?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

YM. What's he, that what he is not, strives to
seeme,

That doth support an Atlas-weight of care:

That of an outward good doth best esteeme,

And looketh not within how solid they are:

That doth not vertuous, but the richest scan;

Learning and worth by wealth?

GOD. It is a man.

NYM.

NYM. What's that possessor, which of good
makes bad;

And what is worst makes choise still for the
best;

That giveth most to thinke of what he had,
And of his chiefeft losse accounteth least;

That doth not what he ought, but what he
can;

Whose fancie's ever boundlesse!

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYM. But what is it, wherein * Dame Nature
wrought

The best of workes, the onely frame of
heaven;

And having long to finde a present sought,
Wherein the world's whole beautie might be
given;

She did resolve in it all arts to summon,
To joyne with nature's framing?

GOD. 'Tis this woman.

NYM.

* The first woman is sayned to be named Pandora,
i. e. a creature framed of the concurrence of the gifts
and ornaments of all the gods. As Hesiod. Ὅτι
παῖρτις ἀνυμνία δῶματ' ἔχοντες Δῖον ἰδὼρσαν.

YM. If beautie be a thing to be admired;
And if admiring draw to it affection;
And what we doe affect, is most desired;
What wight is he to love denyes subjection?

And can his thoughts within himselfe
confine?

Marine that waking lay, said; Celandine.

He is the man that hates, which some admire;
He is the wight that loathes whom most desire:
Tis onely he to love denies subjecting,
And but himselfe, thinkes none is worth af-
fecting.

Unhappy me the while; accurst my fate,
That Nature gives no love where she gave hate.
The watry rulers then perceived plaine,
Nipt with the winter of love's frost, disdain;
This non-pareil of beautie had been led
To doe an act which envy pittied;
Therefore in pittie did conferre together,
What physicke best might cure this burning
fever.

At last found out that in a grove below,
Where shadowing ficamours past number grow,
A fountaine takes his journey to the maine,
Whose liquor's nature was so soveraigne,

(Like

(Like to the wond'rous well and famous spring
Which in * Boetia hath his issuing)
That who so of it doth but onely taste,
All former memory from him doth waste.
Not changing any other worke of nature,
But doth endowe the drinker with a feature
More lovely. Faire Medea tooke from hence
Some of this water; by whose quintessence,
† Æson from age came backe to youth. Th
knowne,

The God thus spake:
Nymph be thine owne,
And after mine. This Goddesse here
(For she's no lesse) will bring thee where
Thou shalt acknowledge springs have don
As much for thee as any one.
Which ended, and thou gotten free,
If thou wilt come and live with me,
No shepheard's daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boast them of a better life.
Meane while I leave thy thoughts at large
Thy body to my sifter's charge;

While
* Plinie writes of two springs rising in Boetia, the
first helping memory, called *Mnemon*. The latter
causing obliuion, called *Lethæ*.

† Ouid. Metam. B. 6.

Whilst I into my spring do dive,
 To see that they do not deprive
 The meadows neare, which much doe
 thirst,
 Thus heated by the sunne. May first
 (Quoth Marine) swaines give lambs to
 thee;
 And may thy foud have seignorie
 Of all fouds else; and to thy fame
 Meete greater springs, yet keepe thy name.
 May never euet, nor the toade,
 Within thy banks make their abode!
 Taking thy journey from the sea,
 Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way
 On niter or on brimstone myne,
 To spoyle thy taste! this spring of thine
 Let it of nothing taste but earth,
 And salt conceived, in their birth
 Be ever fresh! Let no man dare
 To spoile thy fish, make locke or ware,
 But on thy margent still let dwell
 Those flowres which have the sweetest smell.
 And let the dust upon thy strand
 Become like Tagus' golden sand.
 Let as much good beside to thee,
 As thou hast favour shew'd to me.
 Thus

Thus said; in gentle paces they remove,
And hast'ned onward to the shady grove:
Where both arriv'd; and having found the
rocke,

Saw how this precious water it did locke.
As he whom avarice possesseth most,
Drawne by necessitie unto his cost,
Doth drop by piece-meale downe his prison
gold,

And seemes unwilling to let goe his hold.
So the strong rocke the water long time stops
And by degrees lets it fall downe in drops.
Like hoording hūswives that doe mold their foot
And keepe from others, what doth them no good

The drops within a cesterne fell of stone
Which fram'd by nature, art had never one
Halfe part so curious. Many spels then using,
The water's nymph twist Marine's lips infusing
Part of this water, she might straight perceive
How soone her troubled thoughts began to leave
Her love-swolne-breast; and that her inward
flame

Was cleane asswaged, and the very name
Of Celandine forgotten; did scarce know
If there were such a thing as love or no.
And sighing, therewithall threw in the ayre
All former love, all sorrow, all despaire;

all the former causes of her mone
therewith bury in oblivion.
n must'ring up her thoughts, growne vaga-
bonds
t to relieve her inward bleeding wounds,
had as quickly all things past forgotten,
men doe monarchs that in earth lie rotten.
one new borne she seem'd, so all discerning:
though things long learned are the longest
"unlearning."
n walk'd they to a grove but neare at hand,
ere fiery Titan had but small command,
ause the leaves conspiring kept his beames,
feare of hurting (when he's in extreames)
under-flowers, which did enrich the ground
h sweeter sentes then in Arabia found.
earth doth yeeld (which they through pores
exhale)
th's best of odours, th' aromaticall:
e to that smell, which oft our sense descries.
thin a field which long unplow'd lyes,
ne-what before the setting of the sunne;
d where the raine-bow in the horizon
h pitch her tips: or as when in the prime,
e earth being troubled with a drought long
time.

The

The hand of heaven his spongy clouds
 straine,
And throwes into her lap a showre of raine
She sendeth up (conceived from the sunne)
A sweet perfume and exhalation.
Not all the oyntments brought from Delos
Nor from the confines of seaven-headed Nile
Nor that brought whence Phœnicians
 abodes;
Nor Cyprus wilde vine-flowers; nor that
 Rhodes;
Nor roses-oyle from Naples, Capua,
Saffron confected in Cilicia;
Nor that of Quinces, nor of Marioram,
That ever from the isle of Coös, came.
Nor these, nor any else, though ne're so rare
Could with this place for sweetest smels compare
* There stood the elme, whose shade so milde
 dym
Doth nourish all that groweth under him.
Cipresse that like piramides runne topping,
And hurt the least of any by their dropping.
The alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
Each plant set neere to him long flourisheth.
The heavie-headed plane-tree, by whose shade
The grasse growes thickest, men are fresher made
* See Spenser's Fairie Queene, b. 1. c. 1. ft. 8, 9.

oake, that best endures the thunder shocks :
 everlasting ebene, cedar, boxe,
 olive that in waifcot never cleaves,
 amorous vine which in the elme still weaves,
 lotus, juniper, where wormes ne'er enter :
 pyne, with whom men through the ocean
 venter.
 warlike yewgh, by which (more than the
 lance)
 strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd
 France.

ngst the rest the tamariske there stood,
 huswife's besomes onely knowne most good,
 cold-place-loving birch, and fervis tree :
 walnut loving vales, and mulbury.
 maple, aske, that doe delight in fountaines,
 ch have their currents by the sides of
 mountaines.

laurell, mirtle, ivy, date, which hold
 ir leaves all winter, be it ne'er so cold,
 firre, that oftentimes doth rosin drop :
 beech that seals the welkin with his top :
 these, and thousand more within this grove,
 all the industry of nature strove
 frame an harbour that might keepe within it
 best of beauties that the world hath in it.

Here ent'ring, at the entrance of w
shroud,

The sunne halfe angry hid him in a cloud,
As raging that a grove should from his sight
Locke up a beauty whence himselfe had light
The flowers pull'd in their heads as being shad
Their beauties by the others were defam'd.

Neare to this wood there lay a pleasant mead
Where fairies often did their measures tread,
Which in the meadow made such circles green
As if with garlands it had crowned beene,
Or like the circle where the signes we tracke,
And learned shepheards call't the Zodiacke:
Within one of these rounds was to be seene
A hillocke rise, where oft the Fairie Queene
At twy-light sate, and did command her elves
To pinch those maids that had not swept the
shelves:

And further if by maidens over-sight,
Within doores water were not brought at night
Or if they spread no table, set no bread,
They should have nips from toe unto the head:
And for the maid that had perform'd each thing
She in the water-pale had leave a ring.

Upon this hill there sate a lovely swaine,
As if that nature thought it great disdain.

he should (so through her his genius told
 him) hold him in an equall place with swaines, since she did
 hold him in the chiefest worke, and therefore thought it fit,
 with inferious he should never fit.
 Ovid's change, sure Ovid cleane mistooke,
 he'd not looking in a christall brooke,
 (as those which in emulation gaze)
 binde to death by looking on this face.
 When he stood fishing by some river's brim,
 the fish would leape, more for a sight of him
 than for the flie. The eagle highest bred,
 taking him once up for Ganimed.
 The shag-hair'd satyres, and the tripping fawnes;
 all the troope that frolicke on the lawnes,
 would come and gaze on him, as who should say
 they had not seene his like this many a day.

Venus knew no difference 'twixt these
 twaine,

* Adon was a hunter, this a swaine.

The wood's sweet quiristers from spray to spray
 would hop them nearest him, and then there stay:
 joying greatly from his little hart,
 that they with his sweet reed might beare a part.

E 3

This

* See Shakespear's Venus and Adonis.

This was the boy, (the poets did mistake)
 To whom bright Cynthia so much love
 make;
 And promis'd for his love no scornfull eyes
 Should ever see her more in horned guise:
 But she at his command would as of dutie
 Become as full of light as he of beautie.
 Lucina at his birth for mid-wife stucke:
 And Citherea nurc'd and gave him sucke,
 Who to that end, once dove-drawn from the
 Her full paps dropt, whence came the milkie-
 And as when Plato did i'th' cradle thrive,
 Bees to his lips brought honey from their hive
 So to this boy they came, I know not whether
 They brought, or from his lips did honey gather
 The wood-nymphs oftentimes would busied be
 And plucke for him the blushing strawberies
 Making of them a bracelet on a bent,
 Which for a favour to this swaine they sent
 Sitting in shades, the sunne would oft by skipping
 Steale through the boughes, and seize upon
 lips.
 The chiefest cause the sunne did condescend
 To * Phætons request, was to this end,

* See Ovid's Metam. b. 2. Apollonius Argona
 1. 4. Lucretius, l. 5.

... whilst the other did his horses reyne,
... night slide from his spheare, and count this
... swaine;
... those sparkling eyes vi'd lustre with the starres;
... truest center of all circulars.
... griebe, if any man in skill were able
... finish up * Apelles' halfe-dome table,
... boy (the man left out) were fittest sure
... be the patterne of that portraiture,
... piping he fate, as merry as his looke;
... by him lay his bottle and his hooke,
... buskins (edg'd with silver) were of silkey
... which held a legge more white than morning's
... milke.
... those buskins he had got and brought away
... dancing best upon the revell day.
... oaten reede did yeeld forth such sweet notes,
... ned in consort with the birds shrill throtes,
... at equaliz'd the harmony sphears,
... musicke that would ravish choicest eares.
... ng look'd they on (who would not long
... looke on,
... at such an object had to looke upon?)

... all at the last the nymph did Marine send,
... To aske the neereft way, whereby to wend

To

* An unfinished Venus. Plin. l. 35. c. 10. Cicero,
3. de Officiis, lib. 1. epist. 9. Epist. ad Famil.

To those faire walkes where sprung Marina
 Whilst she would stay: Marine obey'd her will
 And hast'ned towards him (who would not doe
 That such a pretty journey had to goe?)
 Sweetly she came and with a modest blush,
 Gave him the day, and then accepted thus:

Fairest of men, that (whilst thy flocke doe
 feed)

Sit'st sweetly piping on thine oaten reede
 Upon this little berry (some ycleep
 A hillocke) voide of care, as are thy sheepe
 Devoide of spots; and sure on all this greene
 A fairer flocke as yet were never seene:

Doe me this favour (men should favour maides)
 That whatsoever path directly leades,
 And voide of danger, thou to me doe show,
 That by it to the Marish I might goe.

Marriage! (quoth he) mistaking what she said,
 Nature's perfection: thou most fairest maid,
 (If any fairer than the fairest may be)

Come sit thee downe by me; known lovely
 ladie,

Love is the readiest way: if tane aright
 You may attaine thereto full long ere night.
 The maiden thinking he of Marish spoke,
 And not of marriage, straight-way did invoke,

And

I praid the shepherd's God might alwayes
 keepe
 from all danger, and from wolves his sheepe.
 thing with all that in the prime of spring
 h sheepe he had, two lambes might yearly
 bring.

yet (quoth she) arede good gentle swaine,
 in the dale below, or on yond plaine;
 is the village scituate in a grove,
 rough which my way lyes, and ye leeped love.
 on yond plaine, nor in this neighbouring
 wood;

in the dale where glides the silver flood.
 like a beaçon on a hill so hie,
 at every one may see't which passeth by
 Love yplac'd: there's nothing can it hide,
 though of you as yet 'tis unespide.

on which hill (quoth she) pray tell me true?
 ay here (quoth he) it sits and talkes to you.
 are you Love (quoth she?) fond swaine adue,
 u guide me wrong, my way lies not by you.

ough not your way, yet may you lye by me:
 mph, with a shepherd thou as merrily
 ist love and live, as with the greatest Lord,
 Greatnesse doth never most content afford."

ove thee onely, not affect world's pelfe,
 she is not lov'd, that's lov'd not for herselfe."

How

How many shepherd's daughters who in duties
 To griping fathers, have intral'd their beauties
 To waite upon the gout, to walke when please
 Olde January halt. O that diseases
 Should linke with youth! She hath such a mate
 Is like two twinnes borne both incorporate:
 Th' one living, the other dead: the living twin
 Must needs be slaine through noysomnesse
 him

He carryeth with him: such are their estates,
 Who meereley marry wealth and not their mates

As ebbing waters freely slide away,
 To pay their tribute to the raging sea;
 When meeting with the flood they juffle stout,
 Whether the one shall in, or th' other out:
 Till the strong flood new power of waves de
 bring,

And drives the river backe into his spring:
 So Marine's words off'ring to take their course,
 By love then ent'ring, were kept backe, a
 force

To it, his sweet face, eyes, and tongue assign'd
 And threw them backe againe into her minde.

"How hard it is to leave and not to do

• That which by Nature we are prone unto?

"We hardly can (alas! why not?) discusse,

"When Nature hath decreed it must be thus.

It is a maxime held of all, knowne plaine,
Thrust Nature off with forkes, she'll turne
again.

Blithe Doridon (so men this shepherd hight)
sing his Goddesse in a silent plight,

Love often makes the speeche's organs
mute,

gane againe thus to renue his sute:

If by my words your silence hath bene such,

with I am sorry I have spoke so much.

Are I those lips? fit to be th' utterers, when

the heavens would parly with the chiefe of
men.

to direct (a tongue all hears convinces)

then best of scribes writes to the best of princes,

ere mine like yours of choyest words com-
pletest,

Ide shew how grief's a thing weighes downe

the greatest

The best of forms (who knows not?) grieffe

doth taint it,

The skilful'st pencill never yet could paint it."

and reason good, since no man yet could finde

that figure represents a grieved minde.

He thinks a troubled thought is thus exprest,

to be a chaos rude and indigest:

Where

Where all doe rule, and yet none beares chie

sway :

Checkt onely by a power that's more then the

This do I speake, since to this every lover

That thus doth love, is thus still given over.

If that you say you will not, cannot love :

Oh heavens ! for what cause then doe you he

move ?

Are you not fram'd of that expertest molde,

For whom all in this round concordance holde

Or are you framed of some other fashion,

And have a forme and heart, but yet a passion ?

It cannot be : for then unto what end

Did the best worke-man this great worke intend

Not that by minde's commerce, and joynt estate,

The world's continuers still should propagate ?

Yea, if that reason (regent of the senses)

Have but a part amongst your excellences,

She'll tell you what you call virginities,

Is fitly lik'ned to a barren tree :

Which when the gardner on it paines bestowes,

To graffe an impe thereon, in time it growes

To such perfection, that it yeerely brings

As goodly fruit, as any tree that springs.

Beleeve me maiden, vow no chastitie :

For maidens but imperfect creatures be,

Alas !

Alas! poore boy (quoth Marine) have the fates
 emptied no degrees? are no estates
 from love's rage? Be rul'd: unhappy swaine,
 I backe thy spirits, and recollect againe
 thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth
 Love is a syren that doth shipwracke youth.
 well advis'd, thou entertain'st a guest
 that is the harbinger of all unrest:

such like the viper's young, that licke the earth,
 seek out the breeder's wombe to get a birth.
 Faith (quoth the boy) I know there cannot be
 danger in loving or in enjoying thee.

what cause were things made and called good,
 to be loved? If you understood
 the birds that prattle here, you would know
 then,
 birds wooe birds, maides should be woo'd of
 men.

I want power to wooe, since what was mine
 fled, and lye as vassals at your shrine:
 and since what's mine is yours, let that same
 move,

though in me you see nought worthy love.
 Marine about to speake, forth of a lling
 fortune to all misfortune's pyles her wing
 (ore quicke and speedy) came a sharp'ned flint,
 which in the faire boye's necke made such a dint,

That

That crimson blood came streaming from the
wound,

And he fell downe into a deadly swoond.

The blood ranne all along where it did fall,

And could not finde a place of buriall:

But where it came, it there congealed flood,

As if the earth loath'd to drinke guiltlesse blood

Gold-hair'd Apollo, muses sacred king,

Whose praise in Delphos' ile doth ever ring:

Phyficke's first founder, whose art's excellence

Extracted nature's chiefeſt quinteſſence,

Unwilling that a thing of ſuch a worth

Should ſo be loſt; ſtraight ſent a dragon forth

To fetch his blood, and he perform'd the ſame

And now apothecaries give it name,

From him that fetch'd it: (*doctors know it good

In phyficke's uſe) and call it Dragoon's Blood.

Some of the blood by chance did down-ward fall

And by a veine got to a minerall,

Whence came a red, decayed dames infuſe it

With Venice Ceruſe, and for painting uſe it.

Marine aſtoniſht, (moſt unhappy maide)

O'er-come with feare, and at the view afraid,

Fell downe into a trance, eyes loſt their fight,

Which being open made all darkneſſe light.

* The tears of a tree bearing a fruit ſomething
like a cherry; the ſkin of which pulled off, they ſay,
reſſembles a dragon.

bloud ranne to her heart, or life to feed,
 loathing to behold so vilde a deed.
 And as when winter doth the earth array
 silver sute, and when the night and day
 in dissension, night lockes up the ground,
 which by the helpe of day is oft unbound;
 shepheard's boy with bow and shaft's addrest,
 ranging the fields, having once pierc'd the brest
 some poore fowle, doth with the blow straight
 rush

catch the bird lies panting in the bush:
 rusht this striker in, up Marine tooke,
 and hast'ned with her to a neare-hand brooke
 the shepheard's saine (olde shepheard's sooth
 have saine)

two rivers * took their issue from the maine,
 which neare together, and each bent his race,
 which of them both should first behold the face
 radiant Phœbus: one of them in gliding
 and on a veine where niter had abiding:
 the other, loathing that her purer wave
 should be defil'd with that the niter gave,
 and fast away, the other follow'd fast,
 and both beene in a rocke ymet at last.

seemed best, to rocke did first deliver
 of his hollow sides the purer river:

An expression of the natures of two rivers rising
 together, and differing in their tastes and man-
 ner of running.

(As if it taught those men in honour clad,
 To helpe the vertuous and suppress the bad,
 Which gotten loose, did softly glide away.
 As men from earth, to earth; from sea, to sea
 So rivers runne: and that from whence be
 came

Takes what she gave: waves, earth: but lea
 a name.

As waters have their course, and in their place
 Succeeding streames well out, so is man's race
 The name doth still survive, and cannot die,
 Untill the channels stop, or spring grow dry.

As I have seen upon a bridall-day

Full many maides clad in their best array,
 In honour of the bride come with their flasket
 Fill'd full with flowres: others in wicker-basket
 Bring from the marish rushes, to o'er-spread
 The ground, whereon to church the lovers tread
 Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the plain
 Ushers their way with many a piping straine:
 So, as in joy, at this faire river's birth,
 Triton came up a channell with his mirth,
 And call'd the neighb'ring nymphes each in her
 turne

To poure their pretty rivilets from their urne;
 To waite upon this new-delivered spring.
 Some running through the meadows, with their
 bring

Cowling

flipp and mint: and 'tis another's lot
 light upon some gardener's curious knot,
 hence she upon her brest (love's sweete repose)
 bring the Queene of flowers, the English
 rose.

from the fen bring reeds, wilde-tyme
 from downes;

from a grove the bay that poets crownes;

from an aged rocke the mosse hath torne,

leaves him naked unto winter's storme:

other from her bankes (in meere good-will)

brings nutriment for fish, the camomill.

us all bring somewhat, and doe over-spread

the way the spring unto the sea doth tread.

This while the floud which yet the rocke up

pent,

did suffer not with iocund merriment

tread rounds in his spring; came rushing

forth,

angry that his waves (he thought) of worth

ould not have libertie, nor helpe the pryme:

as some ruder swaine composing ryme,

ends many a gray goose quill unto the handle,

ties within his socket many a candle;

ts paper by the quire, and dryes up incke,

Xerxes' armie did whole rivers drinke,

F

Hoping

Hoping thereby his name his worke should raise
 That it should live untill the last of dayes :
 Which finished, he boldly doth addresse
 Him and his workes to under-goe the presse;
 When loe (O fate !) his worke not seeming fit
 To walke in equipage with better wit,
 Is kept from light, there gnawn by moathes
 worms,

At which he frets : right so this river stormes
 But broken forth, as Tavy creeps upon
 The westerne * vales of fertile Albion,
 Here dashes roughly on an aged rocke,
 That his intended passage doth up locke ;
 There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander
 Losing himselfe in many a wry meander :
 Here amorously bent, clips some faire meade;
 And then disperst in rills, doth measures tread
 Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry rankes :
 There in another place beares downe the banks
 Of some day-labouring wretch : heere meets a rill
 And with their forces joynde cut out a mill
 Into an iland, then in jocund guise
 Surveys his conquest, lauds his enterprise :
 Here digs a cave at some high mountaine
 foote :

There undermines an oake, tears up his roots :

Then

* Devonshire.

ence rushing to some country farme at hand,
akes o'er the yeoman's mounds, sweepes from
his land

harvest hope of wheate, of rye, or pease:
d makes that channell which was shepheard's
lease:

ere, as our wicked age doth sacriledge,
elpes downe an abbey, then a naturall bridge
creeping under ground he frameth out,
who should say he cyther went about
right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
r having done a deede so vild and base:

ranne this river on, and did bestirre
imselfe, to finde his fellow-traveller.

But th' other fearing least her noyse might
show

that path she tooke, which way her streames did
flow:

some way-faring man strayes through a
wood,

Where beasts of prey thirsting for humane
bloud

urke in their dens, he softly list'ning goes,

ot trusting to his heeles, treads on his toes:

reads every noyse he eares, thinkes each small
bush

to be a beast that would upon him rush:

Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth smother
 Now leaves this path, takes that, then to another
 Such was her course. This feared to be found
 The other not to finde, swels o'er each mound
 Roares, rages, foames, against a mountaine daffe
 And in recoile, makes meadowes standing plashe
 Yet findes not what he seeks in all his way,
 But in despaire runnes headlong to the sea.
 This was the cause them by tradition taught,
 Why one floud ranne so fast, th' other so soft,
 Both from one head. Unto the rougher stream
 (Crown'd by that meadowe's flowry diadeame,
 Where Doridon lay hurt) the cruell swaine
 Hurries the shepheardesse, where having layne
 Her in a boate like the * cannowes of Inde,
 Some feely trough of wood, or some tree's rinde
 Puts from the shoare, and leaves the weeping
 strand,

Intends an act by water, which the land
 Abhorr'd to boulder; yea, the guiltlesse earth
 Loath'd to be mid-wife to so vilde a birth:
 Which to relate I am inforc'd to wrong
 The modest blushes of my maiden-song.

* See Th. De Bry's America, Vol. 1, fol. part 1.
 Virginia Tabul. 12ma. Lintrium conficiendorum
 Ratio. See likewise Sir Tho. Herbert's Travels
 fol. 3d Edit. p. 30.

en each faire Nymph whom Nature doth
 endow
 th beautie's cheeke, crown'd with a shamefast
 brow;
 hose well-tun'd eares, chaste-object-loving eyne
 er heard nor saw the workes of * Aretine;
 no ne'er came on the Citherean shelve,
 t is as true as chastitie itselfe,
 here hated impudence ne'er set her seede;
 here lust lies not vail'd in a virgin's weeds:
 t her with-draw. Let each young shepheard-
 ling
 alke by, or stop his eare, the whilst I sing.
 But yee, whose blood, like kids upon a plaine,
 th skip, and daunce lavoltoes in each veine;
 hose breasts are swolne with the Venerean
 game,
 and warme yourselves at lust's alluring flame;
 ho dare to act as much as men dare thinke,
 and wallowing lie within a sensuall sinke;
 hose fained gestures doe entrap our youth
 ith an apparancie of simple truth;
 satiate gulphs, in your defective part,
 y art helpe nature, and by nature, art:
 end me your eares, and I will touch a string
 hall lull your sense asleepe the while I sing.

F 3

But

An obscene Italian poet. See Bayle's Dictionary.

But stay: me thinkes I heare something
in me

That bids me keepe the bounds of modestie;
Sayes, "Each man's voice to that is quick
" moved

" Which of himselfe is best of all beloved;

" By utt'ring what thou know'st lesse glorious
" got,

" Then by concealing what thou knowest not
If so, I yeeld to it, and set my rest

Rather to loose the bad, then wrong the best.
My maiden-muse flies the lascivious swaines,
And scornes to soyle her lines with lust
straines:

Will not dilate (nor on her fore-head beare
Immodestie's abhorred character)

His shamelesse prying, his undecent doings;

His curious searches, his respectlesse wooings:

How that he saw. But what? I dare not
breake it,

You safer may conceive then I dare speake it.

Yet verily had he not thought her dead,

Sh'ad lost, ne'er to be found, her maiden-head.

The rougher streame loathing a thing com-
pacted

Of so great shame, should on his floud be acted;

(According

According to our times not well allow'd
 Others, what he in himselfe avow'd)
 Not hard his fore-head, furrow'd up his face,
 And danger led the way the boate did trace.
 And as within a landtkip that doth stand
 Brought by the pencill of some curious hand,
 We may discry, here meadow, there a wood:
 Here standing ponds, and there a running
 floud:
 Here on some mount a house of pleasure vanted,
 Where once the roaring cannon had been
 planted:
 Here on a hill a swaine pipes out the day,
 Out-braving all the quiristers of May.
 A huntsman here followes his cry of hounds,
 Driving the hare along the fallow grounds:
 Whilst one at hand seeming the sport t'allow,
 Followes the hounds, and carelesse leaves the
 plow.
 There in another place some high-rai'd land,
 In pride beares out her breasts unto the strand.
 Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit-head:
 Here round a May-pole some the measures
 tread:
 There boyes the truant play and leave their
 booke:
 Here stands an angler with a bayted hooke.
 There

There for a stagge one lurkes within a bough
Here sits a maiden milking of her cow.

There on a goodly plaine (by time throwne
downe)

Lies buried in his dust some auncient towne;
Who now invillaged, there's onely seene
In his vasse ruines what his state has beene:

And all of these in shadowes so exprest
Make the beholder's eyes to take no rest,
So for the swaine the flood did meane to him
To shew in nature, (not by art to limbe)

A tempest's rage, his furious waters threate,
Some on this shoare, some on the other beate.
Here stands a mountaine, where was once
dale;

There where a mountaine flood is now a vale,
Here flowes a billow, there another meetes:
Each, on each side the skiffe, unkindely greetes.
The waters underneath gan upward move,
Wond'ring what stratagems were wrought above;
Billowes that mist the boate, still onward thrust,
And on the cliffes, as swolne with anger, burst.
All these, and more, in substance so exprest,
Made the beholder's thoughts to take no rest.
Horror in triumph rid upon the waves;
And all the furies from their gloomy caves

Came

hovering o'er the boate, summon'd each
 fence
 the fearefull barre of Conscience;
 guilty all, and all condemned were
 under-goe their horrors which despaire.
 What muse? what powre? or what thrice
 sacred herse,
 it lives immortall in a wel tun'd verse
 lend me such a sight that I might see
 guiltie conscience true anatomic;
 at well kept register wherein is writ
 ille men doe, all goodnesse they omit?
 pallid feares, his sorrowes, his affrightings;
 late wisht had-I-wists, remorsefull bitings:
 many tortures, his heart-renting paine:
 how were his griefes compos'd in one chaine,
 and he by it let downe into the seas,
 through the centre to the antipodes?
 might change climates, or be barr'd heaven's
 face:
 find no salve, nor ever change his case.
 are, sorrowes, tortures, sad affrights, nor any,
 like to the conscience sting, though thrice as
 many;
 et all these torments by the swaine were borne,
 whilst death's grimme visage lay upon the
 storme.

But

But as when some kinde nurse doth lo
time keepe

Her pretty babe at sucke, whom false a sleep
She layes downe in his cradle, stints his cry
With many a sweet and pleasing lullaby;
Whilst the sweet childe, not troubled with
shocke,

As sweetly slumbers, as his nurse doth rocke
So lay the maide, th' amazed swaine fate weep
And death in her was dispossess'd by sleeping.

The roaring voyce of windes, the billowes rare
Nor all the mutt'ring of the fullen waves
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stirre:
But lull'd her more asleepe then wakened her
Such are their states, whose soules from for
offence.

Enthroned sit in spotlesse innocence.

Where rest my muse; till (jolly shephear
swaines)

Next morne with pearles of dew bedecks o
plaines

We'll fold our flockes, then in fit time go on
To tune mine oaten pipe for Doridon.

RITANNIA'S PASTORALS

THE THIRD SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The shepheard's swain here singing on

Tells of the cure of Doridon:

And then unto the water's falls

Chaneth the rusticke pastorals.

NOW had the funne, in golden chariot
hurl'd,

vice bid good-morrow to the nether world:

and Cynthia, in her orbe and perfect round,

vice view'd the shadowes of the upper ground,

vice had the Day - starre usher'd forth the

light;

and twice the Evening-starre proclaim'd the

night;

once the sweet-fac'd boy (now all forlorne)

came with his pipe to resalute the morne.

When grac'd by time (unhappy time the

while)

the cruell swaine (who ere knew swaine so

vile?)

Had

Had stroke the lad, in came the watry Nymph
 To raise from found poore Doridon (the imp)
 Whom Nature seem'd to have selected forth
 To be ingrafted on some stocke of worth ;)
 And the maides helpe, but since " to domes
 " fate

" Succour, though ne'er so soone, comes still
 " late."

She rais'd the youth, then with her armes inrin
 him,

And so with words of hope she home-wan
 brings him.

At doore expecting him his mother fate,
 Wond'ring her boy would stay from her so late
 Framing for him unto herselfe excuses :
 And with such thoughts gladly herselfe abuses :
 As that her sonne, since day grew olde and
 weake,

Staid with the maides to runne at barlibreake :
 Or that he cours'd a parke with females fraught
 Which would not runne except they might be
 caught.

Or in the thickets lay'd some wily snare
 To take the rabbit or the pourblinde hare.
 Or taught his dogge to catch the climbing kid :
 Thus shepherds doe ; and thus she thought
 he did.

" In

things expected meeting with delay,
though there be none, we frame some cause
" of stay."

so did she, (as she who doth not so ;)
 conjecture time unwing'd he came so slow.

Doridon drew neere, so did her grieve :
 all lucke, for speede, of all things else is
" chiefe."

as the blinde-man * sung, " Time so
" provides,

that joy goes still on foote, and sorrow rides."

when she saw (a wofull sight) her sonne,

her hopes then fail'd her, and her cryes begun

utter such a plaint, that scarce another,

ere this, ere came from any love-sicke mother.

if man hath done this, heaven why mad'st

thou men ?

to deface thee in thy children ;

by the worke the worke-man to adore ;

ming that something, which was nought

before.

me unhappy wretch ! if that in things

which are as we (save title) men feare kings,

at be their postures to the life limb'd on

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

the wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

* Homer.

" 'Tis death to stab: why then should ear
" things,"

Dare to deface his forme who formed kings?
When the world was but in his infancy,
Revenge, desires unjust, vilde jealousie,
Hate, envy, murther, all these fixe then raig
When but their halfe of men the world o
tained.

Yet but in part of these, those ruled then,
When now as many vices live as men.
Live they? yes live I feare to kill my sonne,
With whom my joyes, my love, my hopes
done.

Cease, gouth the water's Nymph, that led
swaine;

Though 'tis each mother's cause thus to o
plaine:

Yet " abstinence in things we must professe
" Which Nature fram'd for neede, not
" excesse."

Since the least bloud, drawne from the le
part

Of any childe, comes from the mother's hart,
We cannot chuse but grieve, except that we
Should be more senslesse then the senslesse tree
Reply'd his mother. Doe but cut the limbe
Of any tree, the trunk will weepe for him:

the cold * sicamor's thin barke in two,
name and teares, would say, So Love
should do.

that mother is all flint (then beasts lesse
"good)

Which drops no water when her childe
"streames blood."

at this the wounded boy fell on his knee,

her, kind mother (said) weepe not for me,

y, I am well; Indeed I am. If you

se not to weepe, my wound will bleed anew.

en I was promist first the light's fruition,

a oft have told me, 'twas on this condition,

at I should hold it with like rent and paine

others doe, and one time leave't againe.

en deereft mother leave, oh leave to wayle,

Time will effect where teares can nought

"availe."

Herewith Marinda taking up her sonne,

hope, her love, her joy, her Doriden.

thank'd the Nymph, for her kind succour lent,

no strait tript to her watry regiment.

Downe in a dell (where in that † month

whose fame

owes greater by the man who gave it name,

Alluding to our English pronunciation, and in-
ferent orthographie.

July took its name from Julius Cæsar.

Stands many a well-pil'd cocke of short sweet
That feeds the husband's neate each winter
day)

A mountaine had his foote, and gan to rise
In stately height to parlee with the skies.
And yet as blaming his owne lofty gate,
Waighing the fickle props in things of state,
His head began to droope, and downe-wa-
bending,

Knockt on that brest which gave it birth a-
ending:

And lyes so with an hollow hanging vault,
As when some boy trying the Somersault,
Stands on his head, and feete, as he did lie
To kicke against earth's spangled canopie;
When seeing that his heeles are of such weight
That he cannot obtaine their purpos'd height,
Leaves any more to strive; and thus doth say,
What now I cannot do, another day
May well effect: it cannot be denyde
I shew'd a will to act, because I tride:
The Scornfull-hill men call'd him, who
scorne

So to be call'd, by reason he had borne
No hate to greatnesse, but a minde to be
The slave of greatnesse through humilitie:

had his mother Nature thought it meete
 meekely bowing would have kist her feete.
 Under the hollow hanging of this hill
 there was a cave cut out by Nature's skill:
 As if it seem'd the mount did open's brest,
 That all might see what thoughts he there
 possesse.
 Those gloomy entrance was environ'd round
 With shrubs that cloy ill husband's meadow-
 ground:
 Thicke-growne haw-thorne and the binding
 bryer,
 Holly that out-dares cold winter's ire:
 All intwinde, each limbe with limbe did
 deale,
 That scarce a glympse of light could inward
 steale.
 Uncouth place, fit for an uncouth minde,
 That is as heavy as that cave is blinde;
 There liv'd a man his hoary haire call'd olde,
 In whose front time many yeares had tolde.
 For, since dame Nature in him feeble grew,
 He unapt to give the world ought new,
 The secret power of hearbes that grow on molde,
 He ought, to cherish and relieve the olde.
 Either Marinda all in haste came running,
 With her tears desir'd the olde man's cunning.

G

When

When this good man (as goodnesse still is
 At all assayes to helpe a wight distrest)
 As glad and willing was to ease her sonne,
 As she would ever joy to see it done.
 And giving her a salve in leaves up bound;
 And she directed how to cure the wound,
 With thankes, made home-wards, (longing
 to see

Th' effect of this good hermit's surgerie)
 There carefully, her sonne laid on a bed,
 (Enriched with the blood he on it shed)
 She washes, dresses, binds his wound (yet fore
 That griev'd, it could weepe blood for him
 more.

Now had the glorious sunne tane up his ire
 And all the lamps of heav'n indight'ned bin,
 Within the gloomy shades of some thicke spr
 Sad Philomel gan on the haw-thorne sing,
 (Whilst every beast at rest was lowly laid)
 The outrage done upon a seely maide.
 All things were hush'd, each bird slept on
 bough;

And night gave rest to him, day tir'd at plow
 Each beast, each bird, and each day - toy
 wight,

Receiv'd the comfort of the silent night:

from the gripes of sorrow every one,
 except poore Philomel and Doridon;
 on a thorne sings sweet though fighting
 straines;
 on a couch more soft, more sad complaines:
 whose in-pent thoughts him long time having
 pained,
 fighting wept, and weeping thus complained.
 Sweet Philomela (then he heard her sing)
 do not envy thy sweet carolling,
 but doe admire thee, that each even and morrow,
 canst carelessly thus sing away thy sorrow.
 Would I could doe so too! and ever be
 all my woes still imitating thee:
 but I may not attaine to that; for then
 each most unhappy, miserable men
 would strive with heaven, and imitate the
 sunne,
 whose golden beames in exhalation,
 though drawne from fens, or other grounds
 impure,
 turne all to fructifying nouriture.
 When we draw no thing by our sun-like eyes,
 that ever turnes to mirth, but miseries:
 Would I had never seene, except that she
 Who made me with so, love to looke on me.

nightingale the tenor ; and the thrush
 counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:
 that the musicke might be full in parts,
 from the groves flew with right willing
 harts :
 (as it seem'd) they thought (as do the
 swaines,
 which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's
 plaines)
 ere should some droaning part be, therefore
 will'd
 the bird to flie into a neighb'ring field,
 embassie unto the king of bees,
 aide his partners on the flowres and trees :
 to condescending gladly flew along
 to beare the base to his well tuned song.
 the crow was willing they should be beholding
 his deepe voyce, but being hoarse with
 skolding,
 thus lends aide ; upon an oake doth climbe,
 nodding with his head, so keepeth time.
 true delight, enharboring the brests
 those sweet creatures with the plummy crests.
 Nature unto man such simpl'esse given,
 would, like birds, be farre more neere to
 heaven.

But Doridon well knew (who knowes no lesse
 "Man's compounds have o'ertrowne his
 "plenesse."

None-tide the morne had woo'd, and she
 yeeld,

When Doridon, (made ready for the field)
 Goes sadly forth (a wofull shepheard's lad)
 Drowned in teares, his minde with griefe yclad
 To ope his fold and let his lamkins out,
 (Full jolly flocke they seem'd, a well fleed
 rout)

Which gently walk'd before, he sadly pacing,
 Both guides and followes them towards the
 grazing.

When from a grove the wood-nymphs he
 full deare

Two heavenly voyces did intreat his-eare,
 And did compell his longing eyes to see
 What happy wight enjoy'd such harmonie.
 Which joynd with five more, and so made
 seaven,

Would paralell in mirth the spheares of heaven.
 To have a sight at first he would not presse,
 For feare to interrupt such happinesse:
 But kept aloofe the thicke growne shrubs among
 Yet so as he might heare this wooing song.

F Y E shepherd's swaine, why sit'st thou
all alone,

Whilst other lads are sporting on the leyes?

Joy may have company, but grieve hath none:

Where pleasure never came, sports cannot
please.

Yet may you please to grace our this daye's
sport,

Though not an actor, yet a looker on.

A looker on indeed, so swaines of sort,

Cast low, take joy to looke whence they are
throwne.

F. Seeke joy and finde it.

R. Grieve doth not minde it.

B O T H.

" Then both agree in one,

" Sorrow doth hate

" To have a mate;

" True grieve is still alone."

Sad swaine areade, (if that a maide may aske?)

What cause so great effects of grieve hath
wrought?

Alas, Love is not hid, it weares no maske;

To view 'tis by the face conceiv'd and brought.

F. The

F. The cause I grant: the causer is not learned

Your speech I doe entreat about this taske.

R. If that my heart were seene, 'twould be discerned;

And Fida's name found graven on the caske

F. Hath love young Remond moved?

R. 'Tis Fida that is loved.

B O T H.

“ Although 'tis said that no men

“ Will with their hearts,

“ Or goods chiefe parts

“ Trust either seas or women.

F. How may a maiden be assur'd of love,

Since falshood late in every swaine excelleth

R. When protestations faile, time may approve

Where true affection lives, where falshood dwelleth.

F. The truest cause elects a judge as true:

Fie, how my fighting, my much loving telleth

R. Your love is fixt in one whose heart to you

Shall be as constancy, which ne'er rebelleth.

F. None other shall have grace.

R. None else in my heart place.

B O T H.

“ Go shepherd swaine, and wive all,

“ For love and kings

“ Are two like things

“ Admitting no corrivall.

When some malefactor judg'd to die
his offence, his execution nye,
With his fight on states unlike to his,
weighs his ill by other's happineſſe :
Doridon thought every ſtate to be
farther from him, more neere felicitie.
O bleſſed fight, where ſuch concordance
meetes,
Where truth with truth, and love with liking
greetes.
O (quoth the ſwaine) the fates given me ſome
meaſure
Of true delights inestimable treaſure,
And bene fortunate : but now ſo weake
My bankrupt heart will be inforc'd to breake.
Sweet love that drawes on earth a yoaſe ſo even ;
Sweet life that imitates the bliſſe of heaven ;
Sweet death they needs muſt have, who ſo unite
That two diſtinct make one * Hermaphrodite :
Sweet love, ſweet life, ſweet death, that ſo do
meet
On earth ; in death, in heaven be ever ſweet !
Let all good wiſhes ever waite upon you,
And happineſſe as hand-maid tending on you.
Your

See the Hermaphrodite in F. Beaumont's Poems,
printed in 4to. in 1640. Our author has a ſhort copy
of verſes in commendation of it.

Your love's within one centre meeting have!
'One houre your deaths, your crops possesse
grave!

Your name's still greene, (thus doth a swaine
implore)

Till time and memory shall be no more!

Herewith the couple hand in hand arose,
And tooke the way which to the sheep-walk
goes.

And whilst that Doridon their gate look'd on,
His dogge disclos'd him, rushing forth upon
A well fed deere, that trips it o'er the meade,
As nimbly as the wench did whilome tread
On Ceres' dangling eares, or shaft let goe
By some faire nymph that beares Diana's bowe.
When turning head, he not a foote would sturre
Scorning the barking of a shepherd's curre:
So should all swaines as little weigh their spite,
Who at their songs do bawle, but dare not bite.

Remond, that by the dogge the master knew,
Came backe and angry bad him to pursue;
Dory (quoth he) if your ill-tuter'd dogge
Have nought of awe, then let him have a clogge.
Do you not know this feely timorous deere,
(As usuall to his kinde) hunted whileare,
The sunne not ten degrees got in the signes,
Since to our maides, here gathering columbines,

weeping came, and with her head low laid
 Fida's lap, did humbly begge for aide.
 Great unto the hounds they gave a checke,
 saving her, might spie about her necke
 collar hanging, and (as yet is seene)
 these words in gold wrought on a ground of
 Greene?

Maidens: since 'tis decreed a maid shall have
 "me,

Keepe me till he shall kill me that must save
 "me."

whence she came, or who the words concerne,
 neither know nor can of any learne.

on a pallat she doth lie at night,
 ere Fida's bed, nor will she from her sight:

on her walkes she all the day attends,
 by her side she trips where ere she wends.

Remond, (replide the swaine) if I have wrong'd
 in ought which unto her belong'd:

forrow for't, and truely doe protest,
 yet I never heard speech of this beast:

nor was it with my will; or if it were,
 it not lawfull we should chase the deere,

that breaking our inclosures every morne
 are found at feede upon our crop of corne?

yet had I knowne this deere, I had not wrong'd
 in ought which unto her belong'd.

I thinke

I thinke no lesse, quoth Remond; but I
 Whither walkes Doridon this holy-day?
 Come drive your sheepe to their appoint
 feeding,

And make you one at this our merry meeting,
 Full many a shepheard with his lovely lasse,
 Sit telling tales upon the clover grasse:
 There is the merry shepheard of the hole;
 Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,
 Alexis, Silvan, Teddy of the glen,
 Rowly, and Perigot here by the fen,
 With many more, I cannot reckon all
 That meet to solemnize this festivall.

I grieve not at their mirth, said Doridon:
 Yet had there beene of feasts not any one
 Appointed or commanded, you will say,
 "Where there's content 'tis ever holy-day."

Leave further talke (quoth Remond) let's be
 gone,

He helpe you with your sheepe, the time
 drawes on.

Fida will call the hinde, and come with us.

Thus went they on, and Remond did discusse
 Their cause of meeting, till they wonne with

in pacing

The circuit chosen for the maidens tracing.

as a roundell seated on a plaine,
 stood as sentinell unto the maine,
 Iron'd round with trees and many an arbour,
 wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
 on a bough within the quick'ning spring,
 should be a teaching of their young to sing;
 whose pleasing noates the tyred swaine have
 made
 steale a nappe at noone-tide in the shade,
 where herselfe did there in triumph ride,
 made that place the ground of all her pride.
 whose various flowres deceiv'd the rasher eye
 taking them for curious tapisserie.
 silver spring forth of a rocke did fall,
 that in a drought did serve to water all.
 on the edges of a grassie bancke,
 swift of trees grew circling in a rancke,
 as if they seem'd their sports to gaze upon,
 stood as guard against the winde and sunne:
 faire, so fresh, so greene, so sweet a ground
 the piercing eyes of heaven yet never found.
 where Doridon all ready met doth see,
 (who would not at such a meeting be?)
 where he might doubt, who gave to other grace,
 whether the place the maides, or maides the
 place.
 where gan the reede, and merry pag-pipe play,
 still as a thrush upon a morne of May,

(A rurall musicke for an heavenly traine)

And every shepheardesse danc'd with her swaine

As when some gale of winde doth nimble

A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make

Some prettie driving; here it sweepes the plain

There staies, here hops, there mounts, and turnes

again:

Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say

That now it stops, or leapes, or turnes away:

So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,

But thought their severall motions to be one.

A crooked measure was their first election,

Because all crooked tends to best perfection.

And as I weene this often bowing measure,

Was chiefly framed for the womens pleasure.

Though like the ribbe, they crooked are

bending,

Yet to the best of formes they aime their ending

Next in an (I) their measure made a rest,

Shewing when love is plainest it is best.

Then in a (Y) which thus doth love commend

Making of two at first, one in the end.

And lastly closing in a round do enter,

Placing the lusty shepheards in the center:

About the swaines they dauncing seem'd

roule,

As other planets round the heavenly pole.

no by their sweet aspect or chiding frowne,
 Could raise a shepheard up, or cast him downe.
 Thus were they circled till a swaine came neere,
 And sent this song unto each shepheard's eare:
 The note and voyce so sweet, that for such
 mirth,

The gods would leave the heavens, and dwell on
 earth.

HAPPY are you so enclosed,
 May the maides be still disposed,
 In their gestures and their dances,
 So to grace you with intertwining,
 That Envy wish in such combining.
 Fortune's smile with happy chances.

Here it seems as if the Graces
 Measur'd out the plaine in traces,
 In a shepheardesse disguising.
 Are the spheares so nimbly turning,
 Wand'ring lampes in heaven burning,
 To the eye so much intising?

Yes heaven meanes to take these thither,
 And adde one joy to see both dance together.

Gentle

Gentle nymphes be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing,
They and beauty are but lent you;
Take the one and keepe the other:
Love keeps fresh what age doth smother
Beauty gone you will repent you.

'Twill be said when ye have proved,
Never swaines more truely loved:
O then flye all nice behaviour.
Pitty faine would (as her dutie)
Be attending still on beautie,
Let her not be out of favour.

Disdaine is now so much rewarded,
That Pitty weepes since she is unregarded.

The measure and the song here being ended:
Each swaine his thoughts thus to his love com-
mended.

he first presents his **DOGGE**, with these:

When I my flocke neere you doe keepe,
 And bid my Dogge goe take a sheepe,
 He cleane mistakes what I bid doe,
 And bends his pace still towards you.
 Poore wretch, he knowes more care I keepe
 To get you, then a feely sheepe.

The second, his **PIPE**, with these:

And me to sing (faire maide) my song shall
 prove
 Where ne'er was truer Pipe sung truer Love.

The third, a paire of **GLOVES**, thus:

These will keepe your hands from burning,
 Whilst the sunne is swiftly turning;
 But who can any veile devise
 To shield my heart from your faire eyes?

H

The

The fourth, an A N A G R A M.

MAIDEN AYD MEN.

Maidens should be ayding men.
And for love give love agen :
Learne this lesson from your mother,
One good wish requires another.
They deserve their names best, when
Maides most willingly ayd Men.

The fift, a R I N G, with a picture in
JEWELL on it.

Nature hath fram'd a Jemme beyond
compare,
The world's the Ring, but you the
Jewell are.

Book III. BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS. 699

he fixt, a NOSEGAY of ROSES, with a
NETTLE in it.

Such is the Pofie, Love compofes;
A ftinging Nettle mixt with Roses.

The feaventh, a GIRDLE.

This during light I give to clip your
waft,
Faire, grant mine armes that place when
day is paff.

Whilst every one was off'ring at the shrine
 Of such rare beauties might be stil'd divine:
 This lamentable voyce towards them flies:
 " O heaven send aid, or else a maiden dyes!"
 Herewith some ranne the way the voyce the
 led;

Some with the maidens staid which shooke
 dread:

What was the cause time serves not now to tell
 Hearke; for my jolly weather rings his bell,
 And almost all our flockes have left to graze;
 Shepherds 'tis almost night, hie home apace;
 When next we meet (as we shall meet ere long)
 Ile tell the rest in some ensuing song.

RITANNIA'S
PASTORALS.

THE FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fida's distrest, the hinde is slaine,

Yet from her ruines lives againe.

Riot's description next I rime;

Then Aletheia, and old Time:

And lastly, from this song I goe,

Having describ'd the Vale of Woe.

HAPPY ye dayes of olde, when every waste
as like a Sanctuarie to the chaste:

when incests, rapes, adulteries, were not knowne;

all pure as blossomes, which are newly blowne.

maides were as free from spots, and soiles

within,

as most unblemisht in the outward skinne.

When every plaine and cottage did afford,

as smooth in deedes, as they were faire of word.

Maids with men as sisters with their brothers;

and men and maides convers'd as with their

mothers;

free from suspition, or the rage of bloud.

Life only raig'n'd, for all striv'd to be good.

But then, as little wrens, but newly fledg'd,
First, by their nests hop up and downe
hedge;

Then one from bough to bough gets up a tree
His fellow noting his agilitie,
Thinks he as well may venter as the other,
So flushing from one spray unto another
Gets to the top, and then enbold'ned flies,
Unto an height past ken of humane eyes:
So time brought worse, men first desir'd
talke;

Then came suspect; and then a private walke;
Then by consent appointed times of meeting,
Where most securely each might kisse
sweeting;

Lastly, with lusts their panting breasts so swell,
They came to—But to what I blush to tell.
And ent'red thus, rapes used were of all,
Incest, adultery, held as veniall:

The certaintie in doubtfull ballance rests,
If beasts did learne of men, or meh of beasts.
Had they not learn'd of man who was their
king,

So to insult upon an underling,
They civilly had spent their lives gradation,
As meeke and milde as in their first creation;

had th' infections of infected mindes
 alter'd nature, and disorder'd kindes.
 had beene lesse wretched, I more glad,
 at so true love so true a progresse had.
 When Remond left her, (Remond then un-
 kinde)

she went downe the dale to seeke the hinde ;
 and found her taking soyle within a floud :
 whom when she call'd, straight follow'd to the
 wood.

she then wearied, sought the cooling shade,
 and found an arbour by the shepheards made
 to frolicke in (when Sol did hottest shine)
 with cates which were farre cleanlier then fine.
 for in those dayes men never us'd to feede
 so much for pleasure as they did for neede.
 enriching then the arbour downe she sate her ;
 Where many a busie bee came flying at her :
 Thinking when she for ayre her breasts discloses,
 That there had growne some tuft of damaske-
 roses,

And that her azure veynes which then did
 swell,

Were conduit-pipes brought from a living well,
 Whose liquor might the world enjoy for money,
 Bees would be banke-rupt, none would care for
 honey.

The

The hinde lay still without, (poore filly creature
 How like a woman art thou fram'd by Nature
 Timerous, apt to teares, wilie in running,
 Caught best when force is entermixt with
 cunning)

Lying thus distant, different chances meet
 them,
 And with a fearefull object fate doth greet
 them.

Something * appear'd, which seem'd farre off
 a man,

In stature, habit, gate, proportion :
 But when the eyes their objects masters were,
 And it for stricter censure came more neere,
 By all his properties one well might ghesse,
 Than of a man, he sure had nothing lesse.
 For verily since olde † Deucalion's flood
 Earth's slime did ne'er produce a viler brood.
 Upon the various earth's embrodered gowne
 There is a weed upon whose head growes downe;
 Sow-thistle 'tis ycleep'd, whose downy wreath,
 If any one can blow off at a breath,
 We deeme her for a maide : such was his haire,
 Ready to shed at any stirring aire.

His

* Description of Riot.

† Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 1.

eares were stricken deafe when he came nie,
 here the widowe's or the orphane's crie.
 eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,
 h poaring in the bloud of bodies flaine.
 mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie
 lies of execrable blasphemie;
 ming the heavens, and he that rideth on
 them,

'd vengeance to the teeth to fall upon him:
 e Scythian wolves, or * men of wit bereaven,
 ich howle and shoote against the lights of
 heaven.

hands, (if hands they were) like some dead
 corse,

th digging up his buried ancestors;
 king his father's tombe and sacred shrine
 e thought wherein the hog-heard fed his
 swine.

d as that beast hath legs (which shepherds
 feare,

eep'd a badger, which our lambs doth teare)
 e long, the other short, that when he runnes
 on the plaines, he halts; but when he wonnes
 craggy rockes, or steepy hils, we see
 ne runnes more swift, nor easier then he:

Such

* Men of Scirum shoote against the starres.

Such legs the monster had, one finew shrunk
 That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunk
 And halted in the paths to virtue tending:
 And therefore never durst be that way bending
 But when he came on carved monuments,
 Spiring colosses, and high raised rents,
 He pass'd them o'er, quick, as the easter
 winde

Sweepes through a meadow; or a nimble him
 Or satyre on a lawne; or skipping roe;
 Or well-wing'd shaft forth of a Parthian bowe
 His body made (still in consumptions rise)
 A miserable prisan for a life.

Riot he hight; whom some curs'd fiend
 raise,

When like a chaos were the nights and daies;
 Got and brought up in the Cymerian clime,
 Where funne nor moone, nor daies, nor night
 do time:

As who should say, they scorn'd to shew the
 faces

To such a fiend, should seeke to spoile the Grace

At sight whereof, Fida nigh drown'd in fear
 Was cleane dismaide when he approached neare
 Nor durst she call the deere, nor whistle
 winde her,

Fearing her noise might make the monster
 finde her;

Illic came, for he had cunning learn'd
him,

seiz'd upon the hinde, ere she discern'd him.
How she striv'd and struggled; every nerve
rest at all affaies a life to serve:

soone we lose, what we might longer keepe
not prevention commonly a sleepe.

des, of this monster's brood be fearefull all,
at to the hinde may hap to yon befall.

o with her feete held up instead of hands,
tears which pittie from the rocke commands,
fighes, and shrikes, and weepes, and looks
upon him:

s! she sobs, and many a groane throwes on
him;

th plaints which might abate a tyrant's knife,
begges for pardon, and entreates for life;
e hollow caves resound her moanings neere it,
at heart was flint which did not grieve to
heare it:

e high tapt firres which on that mountaine
keepe,

ve ever since that time been seene to weepe.
e owle till then, 'tis thought full well could
sing,

nd tune her voyce to every bubling spring:

Bat

But when she heard those plaints, then
 she yode

Out of the covert of an ivy rod,
 And hollowing for aide, so strain'd her throat
 That since she cleane forgot her former noate
 A little robin sitting on a tree,
 In dolefull noates bewail'd her tragedie.

An aspe, who thought him stout, could
 dissemble,

But shew'd his feare, and yet is seene to tremble
 Yet cruelty was deafe, and had no sight
 In ought which might gaine-say the appetite
 But with his teeth rending her throat asunder
 Besprinkel'd with her blood the greene grass
 under.

And gurmundizing on her flesh and bloud,
 He vomiting returned to the wood.

Riot but newly gone, as strange a vision
 Though farre more heavenly, came in apparition

As that * Arabian bird (whom all admire)
 Her exequies prepar'd and funerall fire,
 Burnt in a flame conceived from the sunne,
 And nourished with slips of cynamon,
 Out of her ashes hath a second birth,
 And flies abroad, a wonderment on earth :

* See Claudian's Phenix.

From the ruines of this mangled * creature
 So faire and so divine a feature,
 Envy for her heart would doate upon her;
 Men could not chuse but be enamour'd on
 her:

I a starre, and she a second spheare,
 Leave the other, and be fixed there.

Faire Arachne wrought this maiden's haire,
 In she with † Pallas did for skill compare,
 Her worke had never been esteem'd,
 This had been more rare and highly deem'd,
 Gladly now she would reverse her doome,
 Wring this haire within a spider's loome.

In her fore-head; as in glory fate
 And majesty, for wond'ring at,
 Pure and simple as Albania's snow,
 Like-white swannes which stem the streames
 of Poe:

To some goodly fore-land, bearing out,
 Haire, the tufts which fring'd the shoare
 about.

Least the man which sought those coasts
 might slip,

Eyes like starres, did serve to guide the ship
 In her front (heaven's fairest promontory) †

Related was th' authentique story

Description of truth.

† Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 6.

Of those elect, whose sheepe at first began
 To nibble by the springs of Canaan :
 Out of whose sacred loynes, (brought by
 stem

Of that sweet finger of Jerusalem)
 Came the best shepherd ever flockes did kee
 Who yeelded up his life to save his sheepe.

O thou Eterne! by whom all beings move
 Giving the springs beneath, and springs above
 Whose finger doth this universe sustaine,
 Bringing the former and the latter raine:
 Who dost with plenty meades and pastures
 By drops distil'd like dew on Hermon hill:
 Pardon a silly swaine, who (farre unable
 In that which is so rare, so admirable)
 Dares on an oaten-pipe, thus meanely sing
 Her praise immense, worthy a silver string.
 And thou which through the desert and
 deepe,

Didst lead thy chosen like a flocke of sheepe
 As sometimes by a starre thou guided'st the
 Which fed upon the plaines of Bethelam;
 So by thy sacred spirit direct my quill,
 When I shall sing ought of thy holy hill,
 That times to come, when they my rim
 hearse,

May wonder at me, and admire my verse:

who but one rapt in celestia!l fire,
by his muse to such a pitch aspire?
from aloft he might behold and tell
worth, whereon an iron pen might dwell.
Then she was borne, Nature in sport began,
earne the cunning of an artizan,
did vermilion with a white compose,
mocke herselfe, and paint a damaske rose.
scorning Nature unto Art should seeke,
spilt her colours on this maiden's cheek.
mouth the gate from whence all goodnesse
came,

power to give the dead a living name.
words embalmed in so sweet a breath,
made them triumph both on Time and
Death,
ose fragrant sweets, since the Camellion
knew,

and tasted of, he to this humor grew:
other elements, held this so rare.
since he never feedes on ought but ayre.
had I Virgil's verse, or Tullie's tongue?
raping numbers like the *Thracian's song,
ave a cheame would make the rockes to dance,
and surly beasts that through the desert prance,

Hic

• Orpheus.

Hie from their caves, and every gloomy den,
To wonder at the excellence of men.

Nay, they would thinke their states for
raised,

But once to looke on one, so highly praised,

Out of whose maiden breits (which sweet
rise)

The Seers suckt their hidden prophecies :

And tolde that for her love in times to come,

Many should seeke the crown of martyrdom,

By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons
chaines,

By stripes, by famine, and a world of paines;

Yet constant still remaine (to her they loved)

Like Syon mount, that cannot be removed.

Proportion on her armes and hands recorded,

The world for her no fitter place afforded.

Praise her who list, he still shall be her debtor:

For Art ne'er fain'd, nor Nature fram'd a better

As when a holy father hath began

To offer sacrifice to mightie Pan,

Doth the request of every swaine assume,

To scale the welkin in a sacred fume,

Made by a widow'd turtles loving mate,

Or lamkins, or some kid immaculate,

Th' off'ring heaves aloft, with both his hands

Which all adore, that neere the altar stands:

as her heavenly body comely rais'd
 two faire columnies; those that Ovid prais'd,
 Julia's * borrowed name, compar'd with
 these,
 the crabs to apples of th' Hesperides;
 dumpe-foote Vulcan in comparifon,
 in all the height of true perfection.
 Nature was here so lavish of her store,
 that she bestow'd untill she had no more.
 whose treasure being weak'ned (by this dame)
 thrusts into the world so many lame.
 The highest synode of the glorious skye,
 heard a wood-nymph sing) sent Mercurie
 to take a survey of the fairest faces,
 to describe to them all womens graces;
 so long time wand'ring in a serious quest,
 finding what parts by beauty were possess'd:
 at last he saw this maide, then thinking fit
 to end his journey, here, NIL ULTRA, writ.
 Leda in adoration kiss'd her knee,
 and thus bespake; Hayle glorious Deitie!
 such thou art, and who can deeme you lesse?)
 whether thou raign'st queene of the wildernesfe,
 or that goddesse ('tis unknowne to me)
 which from the ocean drawes her pettigree:

I

Or

* Corinna, Ovid. Amor. Lib. 1. El. 5.

Or one of those, who by the mossie bankes
 Of drifling Hellicon, in airie ranckes
 Tread rounde-layes upon the silver sands,
 While shaggy Satyres tripping o'er the strands
 Stand still at gaze, and yeeld their fences thr
 To the sweet cadence of your madrigals:
 Or of the fairy troope which nimbly play,
 And by the springs daunce out the summe
 day;

Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
 And in their singing how to keepeen rests:
 Or one of those, who watching where a spring
 Out of our grandame earth hath issuing,
 With your attractive musicke wooe the streame
 (As men by faeries led, false in a dreame)
 To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
 In many mazes, intricate meanders;
 Till at the last, to mocke th' enamour'd rill,
 Ye bend your traces up some shady hill;
 And laugh to see the wave no further tread
 But in a chafe runne foaming on his head,
 Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
 Leaving the other destitute of name.
 If thou be one of these, or all, or more,
 Succour a feely maid, that doth implore
 Aide, on a bended heart, unfain'd and meek
 As true as blushes of a maiden cheek.

maiden arise, replide the new-borne maide:
 pure innocence the stones will aide."
 of the fairie troope, nor muses nine;
 am I Venus, nor of Proserpine:
 daughter to a lusty aged swaine,
 cuts the greene turfs of th' enamel'd
 plaine;
 with his sythe hath many a summer thorne
 plow'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corne;
 from the could-clipt mountaine by his
 stroke
 downe the lofty pine, the cedar, oake:
 opens the flood-gates as occasion is
 sometimes on that man's land, sometimes on
 this.
 Verolame, a stately nymph of yore,
 use to decke herselfe on Isis shore,
 morne (among the rest) as there she stood,
 the pure channel all besmeared with blood;
 quiring for the cause, one did impart,
 those drops came from her holy † Alban's heart;

I 2 Here

He was slain and suffered martyrdom in the days
 Diocletian and Maximinian. The place of his
 murther was an hill in a wood called Holmhurst,
 where at one stroke his head was smitten off. See the
 Golden Legend; Robert of Glocester; Harding, c.
 lxx.

Ma

Herewith in grieve she gan entreate my fyre,
 That Ifis' streame, which yeerely did attire
 Those gallant fields in changeable array,
 Might turne her course and run some other
 way.

Least that her waves might wash away the guilt
 From off their hands which Alban's blood had
 spilt:

He condiscended, and the nimble wave
 Her fish no more within that channell drave:
 But as a witnesse left the crimson gore
 To staine the earth, as they their hands before
 He had a being ere there was a birth,
 And shall not cease untill the sea and earth,
 And what they both containe, shall cease to be
 Nothing confines him but eternitie.
 By him the names of good men ever live,
 Which short-liv'd men unto oblivion give:
 And in forgetfulnesse he lets him fall,
 That is no other man then naturall:
 'Tis he alone that rightly can discover,
 Who is the true, and who the fained lover.
 In summer's heate when any swaine to sleepe
 Doth more addict himselfe then to his sheepe;
 And whilst the leaden God sits on his eyes,
 If any of his folde, or strays, or dyes,

And

to the waking swaine it be unknown,
 whether his sheepe be dead, or straid, or stolne;
 meeete my fyre he bends his course in paine,
 where some high hill survaies the plaine;
 takes his step toward the flow'ry vallyes,
 where Zephyre with the cowslip hourelly dallies;
 to the groves, where birds from heate or
 weather,

sweetly tuning of their noates together;
 to a meade a wanton river dresses
 with richest collers of her turning esses;
 where the shepheards sit old stories telling,
 my fyre, hath no set place of dwelling;
 if the shepheard meeete the aged swaine,
 tels him of his sheepe, or shewes them flaine.
 great a gift the sacred powers of heaven
 (above all others) to my fyre have given,
 that the abhorred stratagems of night,
 working in cavernes from the glorious light,
 him (perforce) are from their dungeons
 hurl'd,

and shew'd as monsters to the wond'ring world.
 What mariner is he sailing upon,
 the watry desert clipping Albion,
 are not the billowes in their daunces roare
 answer'd by eccoes from the neighbour shoare?

To whose accord the maids trip from
downies,

And rivers dancing come, yecrown'd with tow
All singing forth the victories of Time,
Upon the monsters of the westernne clime,
Whose horrid, damned, bloody, plots we
bring

Confusion on the laureate poet's king.
Whose hell-fed hearts devis'd how never more
A swan might singing sit on Isis' shore:
But croaking ravens, and the scritch-owles cry
The fit musitians for a tragedie,
Should evermore be heard about her strand,
To fright all passengers from that sad land.

Long summer's dayes I on his worth might
spend

And yet beginne againe when I would end.
All ages since the first age first begun,
Ere they could know his worth their age
done:

Whose absence all the treasury of earth
Cannot buy out. From farre-fam'd Tagus' birk
Not all the golden gravell he treads over,
One minute past, that minute can recover.
I am his onely childe (he hath no other)
Cleep'd Aletheia, borne without a mother,

from Aletheia long despis'd of all,
 Since Charitie would lend an hospitall
 give my month's cold watching one night's
 rest,
 in my roome tooke in the miser's chest.
 In winter's time when hardly fed the flockes,
 And icicles hung dangling on the rockes;
 When Hyems bound the floods in silver chaines,
 And hoary frosts had candy'd all the plaines;
 When every barne rung with the threshing
 flails,
 And shepherds boyes for cold gan blow their
 nailes:
 Wearied with toyle in seeking out some one
 That had a sparke of true devotion;)
 Was my chance, chance onely helpeth neede)
 To finde an house ybuilt for holy deede,
 With goodly archiect, and cloisters wide,
 With groves and walkes along a river's side;
 The place itselfe afforded admiration,
 And every spray a theame of contemplation.
 But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
 Gan intreat an entrance thereat:
 The porter askt my name: I told; He swell'd,
 And bad me thence: wherewith in grieve re-
 pell'd,

I sought

I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,
Harb'ring the weasell, and the dust-bred mouse
And others none, except the two-kinde bat,
Which all the day there melancholy fate :
Here fate I downe with winde and raine ybeate
Griefe fed my minde, and did my body eate.
Yet Idlenesse I saw (lam'd with the gout)
Had entrance when poore Truth was ke
without,

There saw I Drunkenesse with dropfies swolne
And pamper'd Lust that many a night had stolne
Over the Abby-wall when gates were lock'd,
To be in Venus' wanton bosome rock'd :
And Gluttony that surfetting had bin,
Knocke at the gate and straight-way taken in :
Sadly I fate, and sighing griev'd to see,
Their happinesse, my infelicitie.
At last came Envy by, who having spide
Where I was sadly seated, inward hide,
And to the Convent egerly she cryes,
Why sit you here, when with these cares and
cies

I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say,
She is the true faire Aletheia,
Which you have boasted long to live among
you?

Yet suffer not a peevish girle to wrong you.

With

h this provok'd, all rose, and in a rout
to the gate, strove who should first get out,
me be gone, and then (in tearmes uncivill)
call me counterfait, witch, hag, whore,
divell;

en like a strumpet drove me from their cels,
h tinckling pans, and with the noyse of bells.
he that lov'd me, or but moan'd my case,
heapes of fire-brands banded at his face.

Thus beaten thence (distrest, forsaken wight)
orc'd in fields to sleepe, or wake all night;
eely sheepe seeing me straying by,
ooke the shrub where once she meant to lie;

if she in her kinde (unhurting else)

bid me take such lodging as herselfe:
dly I tooke the place the sheepe had given,
canopy'd of any thing but heaven.

ere nigh benumb'd with cold, with grieve
frequented,

to the silent night I thus lamented:

Faire Cynthia, if from thy silver throne,
ou ever lent'st an eare to virgin's mone!

in thy monthly course, one minute staid
ay palfrayes trot, to heare a wretched maid!

all in their reynes, and lend thine eare to me,
riorne, forsaken, cloath'd in miserie;

But

But if a woe hath never woo'd thine eare,
To stop those courfers in their full carriere;
But as stone-hearted men, uncharitable,
Passe carelesse by the poore, when men
able,

Hold not the needies helpe in long suspence,
But in their hands poure their beneuolence.
O! if thou be so hard to stop thine eares;
When stars in pittie drop downe from the
 sphaeres,

Yet for a while in gloomy vaile of night,
 Inshroud the pale beames of thy borrowed light
 O! never once discourage goodnesse (lending
 One glimpse of light) to see misfortune spend
 Her utmost rage on Truth, dispisde, distressed
 Unhappy, unreliev'd, yet undressed.

Where is the heart at vertue's suff'ring griev'd
Where is the eye that pittying relieveth?
Where is the hand that still the hungry feedeth
Where is the care that the decrepit steedeth?
That heart, that hand, that care, or else the
eye,

Giveth, relieveth, feedes, steedes, misery?
Earth produce me one (of all thy store)
Enjoyes; and be vaine-glorious no more.

By this had Chanticleere, the village-cocke,
Hidden the good-wife for her maides to knocke

and the swart plow-man for his breakfast staid,
 that he might till those lands were fallow laid;
 the hills and vallies here and there resound
 with re-ecchoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound;
 each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly
 peale,
 as come a field to milke the morning's meale,
 and ere the sunne had clymb'd the easterne hills,
 to guild the mutt'ring bournes, and pritty rils,
 before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,
 and nimble fishes which in rivers dive,
 began to leape, and catch the drowned flie,
 rose from rest, not infelicitie.
 seeking the place of Charitie's resort,
 inware I hap'ned on a Prince's court;
 Where meeting Greatnesse, I requir'd reliefe,
 O happy undelayed) she said in brieft,
 O small effect thine oratorie tends,
 How can I keepe thee and so many friends?"
 If of my household I should make thee one,
 farewell my servant Adulation:
 know she will not stay when thou art there:
 But seeke some great man's service other-where.
 Darkenesse and light, summer and winter's
 weather
 May be at once, ere you two live together.

Thus

Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.

Thence to the citie once I thought to goe,
But somewhat in my mind this thought he
throwne,

"It was a place wherein I was not knowne."
And therefore went unto these homely townes,
Sweetly environ'd with the dazied downes.

Upon a streame washing a village end
A mill is plac'd, that never difference kend
Twixt dayes for worke, and holy-tides for rest,
But alwaies wrought and ground the neighbour
grest.

Before the dore I saw the miller walking,
And other two (his neighbours) with him
talking :

One of them was a weaver, and the other
The village tayler, and his trusty brother ;
To them I came, and thus my sute began ;
Content the riches of a country-man
Attend your actions, be more happy still,
Then I am haplesse ! and as yonder mill,
Though in his turning it obey the streame,
Yet by the head-strong torrent from his beame
Is unremov'd, and till the wheele be tore,
It dayly toyles ; then rests, and workes no
more :

in life's motion may never be
ough sway'd with griefes) o'er-borne with
miserie.

With that the miller laughing, brush'd his
cloathes,

en swore by cocke and other dung-hill oathes,
reatly was to blame, that durst so wade
o the knowledge of a wheel-wright's trade.

neighbour, quoth the tayler (then he bent
s pace to me, spruce like a Jacke of Lent)
ur judgement is not seame-rent when you
spend it,

or is it botching, for I cannot mend it.
d maiden, let me tell you in displeasure,
u must not presse the cloath you cannot
measure:

et let your steps be sticht to wisedome's
chalking,
d cast presumptuous shreds out of your
walking.

he weaver said, Fie wench, yourselfe you
wrong,

hus to let slip the shuttle of your tong:

or marke me well, yea, marke me well, I say,

see you worke your speeche's web astray.

Sad to the soule, o'er laid with idle words,
heaven, quoth I, where is the place affords

A friend

A friend to helpe, or any heart that ruth
The most dejected hopes of wronged Truth!
Truth! quoth the miller, plainely for our part
I and the weaver hate thee with our hearts:
The strifes you raise I will not now dicusse,
Betweene our honest customers and us:
But get you gone, for sure you may despaire
Of comfort here, seeke it some other-where.
Maide (quoth the taylor) we no succour owe you
For as I guesse here's none of us doth know you
Nor my remembrance any thought can seize
That I have ever seene you in my dayes.
Seene you? nay, therein confident I am;
Nay till this time I never heard your name,
Excepting once, and by this token chiefe,
My neighbour at that instant cal'd me theese.
By this you see you are unknowne among us,
We cannot helpe you, though your stay may
wrong us.

Thus went I on, and further went in woe:
For as shrill sounding Fame, that's never slow,
Growes in her going, and encreaseth more,
Where she is now, then where she was before:
So Griefe, (that never healthy, ever sicke,
That froward scholler to arithmeticke,
Who doth devision and substraction flie,
And chiefly learnes to adde and multiply)

longest journeys hath the strongest strength,
 is at hand, suppress, unquail'd at length.
 betweene two hills, the highest Phoebus sees
 instantly crown'd with large skie-kissing trees,
 under whose shade the humble vallyes lay;
 wilde-bores from their dens their gambols
 play:
 here lay a gravel'd walke ore-growne with
 greene,
 here neither tract of man nor beast was seene,
 as the plow-man when the land he tills,
 rowes up the fruitfull earth in riced hills,
 betweene whose chevron forme he leaves a balke;
 'twixt those hills had Nature fram'd this
 walke,
 not over darke, nor light, in angles bending,
 and like the gliding of a snake descending:
 all hush and silent as the mid of night:
 no chatt'ring pie, nor crow appear'd in sight;
 but further in I heard the trutle-dove,
 singing sad dirges on her lifelesse love,
 words that compassion from the rocks could
 bring,
 had onely license in that place to sing:
 Those dolefull noates the melancholly cat
 close in a hollow tree fate wond'ring at.

And

And trees that on the hill-side comely grew,
When any little blast of Æol blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The judges to approve their melody.

Just halfe the way this solitary grove,
A christiall spring from either hill-side strove,
Which of them first should wooe the meeke
ground;

And make the pibbles dance unto their found,
But as when children having leave to play,
And neare the maister's eye sport out the day,
(Beyond condition) in their childish toyes
Oft vext their tutor with too great a noyce,
And make him send some servant out of dore,
To ceasse their clamour, lest they play no more
So when the prettie rill a place espies,
Where with the pibbles she would wantonize;
And that her upper streame so much do
wrong her,

To drive her thence, and let her play no longer
If she with too loud mutt'ring ranne away,
As being much incens'd to leave her play;
A westerne, milde, and pretty whispering gale,
Came dallying with the leaves along the dale,
And seem'd as with the water it did chide,
Because it ranne so long unpacifide:

Yea,

and me thought it bad her leave that
coyle,
e would choake her up with leaves and
foyle :

reat the rivelet in my minde did weepe,
hurl'd her head into a silent deepe.

ow he that guides the chariot of the funne,
th' eclipticke circle had so runne,

his brasse - hoof'd fire - breathing horses
wanne

stately height of the meridian :

the day-lab'ring man (who all the morne
from the quarry with his pick-axe torne

ge well squared stone, which he would cut
erve his stile, or for some water-shut)

ng the funne preparing to decline,
ke out his bagge, and fate him downe to

dine.
en by a sliding, yet not sleepe descent,

in'd a place, ne'er poet did invent
like for sorrow : not in all this round

ter seate for passion can be found.
s when a dainty fount, and christall spring,

newly from the earth's imprisoning,
ready prest some channell cleere to win,

ound his rise by rockes immured in,

K

And

And from the thirsty earth would be withheld
Till to the cesterne toppe the waves
swell'd;

But that a carefull hinde the well hath found
As he walkes sadly through his parched ground
Whose patience suff'ring not his land to stay
Untill the water o'er the cesterne play,
He gets a picke-axe and with blowes so stout
Digs on the rocke, that all the groves about
Resound his stroke, and still the rocke
charges;

Till he hath made a hole both long and large
Whereby the waters from their prison run,
To close earth's gaping wounds made by
sun:

So through these high rain'd hills, embro
round

This shady, sad, and solitary ground,
Some power (respecting one whose heavy mind
Requir'd a place to sit and weep alone)
Had cut a path, whereby the grieved wight
Might freely take the comfort of this scyte,
About the edges of whose roundly forme,
In order grew such trees as doe adorne
The sable hearse, and sad forsaken mate;
And trees whose teares their losse commiserate

are the syppresse, and the weeping myrrhe,
dropping amber, and the refin'd syrrhe,
bleeding vine, the watry sicamour,
willough for the forlorne paramour;
mely distance: underneath whose shade
neate in rudenesse Nature arbors made:
had a light; some to obscure a seate,
d entertaine a sufferance ne'er so great:
e grieved wights fate. (as I after found,
e heavy harts the height of sorrow crown'd)
ng in saddest tunes the doomes of fate
en by vertue cleeped fortunate.
e * first note that I heard, I soone was
wonne
inke the sighes of faire Endymion;
subject of whose mournfull heavy lay
his declining with faire Cynthia.
ext † him a great man fate, in woe no lesse;
es were but barren shadowes to expresse
substance of his grieve, and therefore stood
lling from his heart red streames of bloud:
as a swaine whom all the Graces kist,
ave, heroicke, worthy Martialist:

K 2

Yet

Sir Walter Raleigh was for some time in disgrace
urt. See Mr. Oldys.

Earl of Essex.

Yet on the downes he oftentimes was seene
 To draw the merry maidens of the greene
 With his sweet voyce : once, as he sate alone,
 He * sung the outrage of the lazy drone,
 Upon the lab'ring bee, in straines so rare,
 That all the flitting pinnionists of ayre
 Attentive sate, and in their kinds did long
 To learne some noate from his well-timed song

Exiled Naso (from whose golden pen
 The muses did distill delights for men)
 Thus † sang of Cephalus (whose name was won
 Within the bosome of the blushing morne :)
 He had a dart was never set on wing,
 But death flew with it : he could never fling,
 But life fled from the place where stucke the
 head :

A hunter's frolicke life in woods he lead
 In separation from his yoked mate,
 Whose beauty, once, he valued at a rate
 Beyond Aurora's cheek, when she (in pride)
 Promist their off-spring should be deicide :
 Procris she hight ; who (seeking to restore
 Herselfe that happinesse she had before)

* The Buzzing Bee's Complaint ; by the Earl
 Essex.

† Art of Love, book 3.

to the greene wood wends, omits no paine
 ight bring her to her lord's embrace againe :
 Fate thus crost her, comming where he lay
 aried with hunting all the summer's day,
 somewhat heard within the thicket rush,
 d deeming it some beast hid in a bush,
 sed himselfe, then set on wing a dart,
 ich tooke a sad rest in the restless hart
 his chaste wife; who with a bleeding brest
 ft love and life, and slept in endlesse rest.
 th Procris heavie fate this shepheard's wrong
 ight be compar'd, and aske as sad a song.
 In th' autumnne of his youth, and manhood's
 spring,
 fert (growne now a most dejected thing)
 ame him the favour of a Royall Maide,
 ho with Diana's nymphes in forrests straide,
 d liv'd a huntresse life exempt from feare.
 e once encount' red with a surly * beare,

K 3

Neare

Earl of Leicester. Osborn calls him that Ter-
 rial Lucifer: Mem. of Q. Elizabeth, Sect. 5. p.
 Among others whom he murdered, Leicester
 the author of the death of the Earl of Essex's fa-
 in Ireland. Osborn, ditto, p. 26. In an old
 ection of poems, by Lodge, Watson, Breton,
 el, Earl of Oxford, and others, called the Phoenix
 st, in 4to. 1593, there is a defence of Leicester,
 led the Dead Man's Right, in prose.

Neare to a chrisall fountaine's flow'ry brinke
Heate brought them thither both and both
drinke,

When from her golden quiver she tooke forth
A dart, above the rest esteemde for worth,
And sent it to his side: the gaping wound
Gave purple streames to coole the parched
ground,

Whereat he gnasht his teeth, storm'd his
lym,

Yeelded the earth what it denied him:

Yet sunke not there, but (wrapt in horror) he
Unto his hellish cave, despair'd, and dy'd.

After the beare's just death, the quick
sunne

Had twice sixe times about the zodiacke run,

And (as respectlesse) never cast an eye,

Upon the night-invail'd Cymmerii,

When this brave swaine (approved valerous,

In opposition of a tyrannous

And bloody savage) being long time gone

Quelling his rage with faithlesse * Gerion,

Returned from the stratagems of warres,

(Inriched with his quail'd foes bootlesse scarres

To see the cleare eyes of his dearest love,

And that her skill in hearbs might helpe remove

* Earl of Essex's Expedition to Cales.

freshing of a wound which he had got
 er defence, by Envie's poyson'd shot,
 comming through a grove wherein his faire
 with her breasts displaid to take the aire,
 rushing through the boughes made her
 arise,
 dreading some wilde beast's rude enterprize,
 ets towards the noyse a sharp'ned dart,
 at reach'd the life of his undaunted heart ;
 ich when * she knew, twice twentie moones
 nie spent
 eares for him, and dy'd in languishment.
 Within an arbour shadow'd with a vine,
 ed with rosemary and eglantine,
 hepheardeffe was set, as faire as young,
 ose praise full many a shepheard whilome
 sung,
 o on an altar faire had to her name,
 consecration many an anagram:
 d when with sugred straines they strove to
 raise
 orth, to a garland of immorall bayes ;
 e as the learneft maide was chose by them,
 er flaxen hair crown'd with an anadem)
 judge who best deserv'd, for she could fit
 e height of praise unto the height of wit.

But

* Queen Elizabeth.

But well-a-day those happy times were gone,
(Millions admit a small subtraction).

And as the yeere hath first his jocund spring
Wherein the leaves, to birds sweete carroll
Dance with the winde: then sees the summer
day

Perfect the embriom blossome of each spray:
Next commeth autumn, when the thre
sheafe

Looseth his graine, and every tree his lease:
Lastly, colde winter's rage, with many a storm
Threats the proud pines which Ida's top
adorne,

And makes the sappe leave succourlesse
shoote,

Shrinking to comfort his decaying roote.
Or as a quaint musitian being won,
To run a point of sweete division,
Gets by degrees unto the highest key;
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper tone; and lastly, throwes
His period in a diapazon close:
So every humane thing terrestriall,
His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely youth, in fairest age,
Enamour'd on a maide (whose parentage

Fate adorn'd, as Nature deckt her eye,
 At a becke command a monarchie)
 poore and faire could never yet bewitch
 his minde, preferring foule and rich;
 therefore (as a king's heart left behind,
 when as his crops are borne to be enshrin'd)
 as parent's will, a law) like that dead corse,
 leaving his heart, is brought unto his horse,
 and unto a place that can impart
 secret embassie unto his heart,
 nimbles some proud hill, whose stately eminence
 fals the fruitfull vale's circumference:
 from whence, no sooner can his lights descry
 the place enriched by his mistresse' eye:
 but some thicke cloud his happy prospect blends,
 and he, in sorrow rais'd, in teares descends:
 this sad nymph (whom all commiserate)
 once pac'd the hill of Greatnesse and of State,
 and got the toppe; but when she gan adresse
 her sight, from thence to see true happinesse,
 she interpos'd an envious cloud of feares,
 and she withdrew into this vale of teares,
 where Sorrow so enthal'd best Vertue's jewell,
 ones check'd grieve's hardnesse, call'd her too
 too cruell,
 streame of teares upon her faire cheekes flows,
 H. morning dewe upon the damaske-rose,

Or

Or christall-glasse vailing vermillion;
Or drops of milke on the carnation:
She sang and wept (O ye sea-binding cleever
Yeeld tributary drops, for Vertue grieves!
And to the period of her sad sweet key
Intwin'd her case with chaste Penelope:
But see the drifling south, my mornfull strain
Answers, in weeping drops of quick'ning rain
And since this day we can no further goe,
Restlesse I rest within this Vale of Woe,
Untill the modest morne on earth's vast zone,
The ever gladfome day shall re-inthrone.

Book
RITANNIA's

PASTORALS.

THE FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*In noates that rockes to pittie move,
Idya sings her buried love:
And from her horne of plentie gives
Comfort to Truth, whom none relieves.
Repentance' house next calls me on,
With Riot's true conversion:
Leaving Aminta's love to Truth,
To be the theme the Muse ensueth.*

HERE full of Aprill, vail'd with sorrowe's
wing,
In lovely layes, I dreary dirges sing:
Who hath seen yong lads (to sport them-
selves)
Run in a lowe ebbe to the sandy shelves:
Where seriously they worke in digging welles,
Or building childish forts of cockle-shells:
Or liquid water each to other bandy;
Or with the pibbles play at handy-dandy,

Till

Till unawares the tyde hath clos'd them round
And they must wade it through or else
drown'd,

May (if unto my pipe he listen well)
My muse distresse with theirs soone paralell.
For where I whilome sung the loves of swaine
And woo'd the christall currents of the plaine
Teaching the birds to love, whilst every tree
Gave his attention to my melodie :

Fate now (as envying my too happy theame)
Hath round begirt my song with sorrow
streame,

Which, till my muse wade through and get
shore,

My grieve-swolne soule can sing of love
more.

But turne we now (yet not without remorse)
To heavenly Aletheia's sad discourse,
That did from Fida's eyes salt teares exhale,
When thus she shew'd the solitary vale.

Just in the midst this joy-forfaken ground
A hillocke stood, with springs embrated round
(And with a christall ring did seeme to marry
Themselves, to this small Ile sad-solitarie :)
Upon whose brest (which trembled as it ranne
Rode the faire downie-silver-coated swan :

on the banckes each Cypresse bow'd his
head,

heare the swan sing her owne * epiced.

as when the gallant youth which live upon

westernne downes of lovely Albion;

meeting, some festivall to solemnize,

pose out two, skil'd in wrastling exercise,

so strongly, at the wrist or collar cling,

illst arme in arme the people make a ring.

And the water round this ile inlincke,

And so the trees grew on the water's brinke:

And their streames about the island scatter;

And trees perform'd as much unto the water:

Under whose shade the nightingale would bring

And chirping young, and teach them how to

sing.

In woods most sad, musitians thither hie,

As it had beene the silvian's castaly,

And warbled forth such elegyacke straines,

That struke the windes dumbe; and the most

plaines

Were fill'd with envy, that such shady places

Should all the world's delights in their imbraces.

O how (me thinkes) the impes of Mneme

bring

And wees of invention from their sacred spring!

Here

* A funerall song before the ~~cross~~ ^{cross} be interr'd.

Here could I spend that spring of poesie,
Which not twice ten sunnes have bestow'd
me;

And tell the world, the muse's love appears
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeeres.
But ere my muse erected have the frame,
Wherein t' enshrine an unknowne shephear
name,

She many a grove, and other woods must tread
More hils, more dales, more founts must
displaid,

More meadowes, rockes, and from them all el
Matter besitting such an architect.

As children on a play-day leave the schooles
And gladly runne unto the swimming pooles,
Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to dispoile some sweet thrush of her young
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brooke
Withouten paine: but when the morne do
looke

Out of the easterne gates, a snayle would faster
Glide to the schooles, than they unto the
master:

So when before I sung the songs of birds,
(Whilst every moment sweet'ned lines affords)
I pip'd devoide of paine; but now I come
Unto my taske, my muse is stricken dumbe.

blubb'ring pen her fable teares lets fall,
characters right hyrogliphicall,
mixing with my teares are ready turning,
late white paper to a weede of mourning;
Incke and paper strive how to impart
words, the weedes they wore, within my
hart:
Else the blots unwilling are my rimes
that their sad cause should live till after-times;
Singing if men their subject should descry,
they forthwith would dissolve in teares and die.
Upon the island's craggy rising hill,
Quadrant'ranne, wherein by artlesse skill,
every corner Nature did erect
column rude, yet voyde of all defect:
Thereon a marble lay. The thick-growne bryer;
prickled howthorne (woven all entyre)
together clung, and barr'd the glad some light
from any enterance, sitting onely night.
The way to it but one, sleepe and obscure,
the staires of rugged stone, seldome in ure,
over-growne with mosse, as Nature sate
entertaine Griefe with a cloth of state.
Hardly unto the toppe I had ascended,
that the trees (siding the steps) befriended
weary limbes, who bowing downe their armes,
they hold unto my hands to scape from harmes:

Which

Which evermore are ready, still present
 Our feete, in climbing places eminent.
 Before the doore (to hinder Phœbus' view)
 A shady boxe-tree grasped with an yewgh,
 As in the place behalfe they menac'd warre
 Against the radyance of each sparkling starre
 And on their barks (which Time had n
 deprav'd)

These lines (it seem'd) had beene of old e
 grav'd.

"This place was fram'd of yore, to be posselt

"By one which sometime hath beene happie

Lovely * Ida the most beautious
 Of all the darlings of Oceanus.

Hesperia's envy and the westerne pride,

Whose party-coloured garment Nature dy'd

In more eye-pleasing hewes, with richer grain

Than Iris' bow attending Aprill's raine.

Whose lilly white, insbaded with the rose

Had that † man seene, who sung th' Æneides,

Dido had in oblivion slept, and she

Had given his muse her best eternitie.

Had brave Atrides (who did erst imploy

His force to mixe his dead with those of Troy)

Beene proffered for a truce her fained peece,

Helen had staid, and that had gone to Greece :

The

* Britannia.

† Virgil.

Phrygian soile had not bin drunk with
bloud,

Illes longer breath'd, and Troy yet stood:

* Prince of Poets had not sung his story,

My friend had lost his ever-living glory.

As a snowy swan, who many a day

Thamar's swelling breasts hath had his play,

Further pleasure doeth assay to swimme

native Tavy, or the sandy Plim:

on the panting billowes bravely rides,

lit country-ladies walking on the sides

hire her beauty, and with clapping hands,

ould force her leave the streame, and tread the

sands,

en the regardlesse swims to th' other edge,

ill an envious bryer, or tangling sedge

oyles her plumes; or elie a sharpened

beame

ceeth her breast, and on the bloody streame

pants for life: so whilome rode this maide

streames of worldly blisse, more rich array'd

h earth's delight, then thought could put

in ure,

glut the senses of an epicure.

L

Whilst

Homer.

G. Chapman, who was in that age famous for
translation of Homer's Works.

Whilst neighbouring kings upon their fronts
stood,

And offer'd for her dowre huge seas of blood

And perjur'd * Gerion to winne her, rent

The Indian rocks for gold, and bootlesse sp

Almost his patrimony for her sake,

Yet nothing like respected as the † Drake

That skow'd her channels, and destroy'd

weede,

Which spoyle'd her sister's nets, and fishes breed

At last her truest love she threw upon

A † royall Youth, whose like, whose paragon

Heaven never lent the earth: so great a spirit

The world could not containe, nor kingdom

merits

And therefore Jove did with the saints inthr

him,

And left his lady nought but teares to mo

him.

Within this place (as wofull as my verse)

She with her christall founts bedew'd his he

Invaile'd with a sable weede she fate,

Singing this song which stones dissolv'd at.

* K. Philip of Spain.

† Sir Francis.

‡ Prince Henry.

WHAT time the world clad in a morning
robe,

stage made for a wofull tragedie :

When showers of teares from the cœlestiall globe

raild the fate of sea-lov'd Britanie ;

When sighs as frequent were as various fights,

When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,

When Envy wept,

And Comfort slept ;

When Cruelty it selfe fate almost crying,

ought being heard but what the minde affrights,

When autumn had disrob'd the summer's

pride,

Then England's honour, Europe's wonder dy'd :

Saddest straine that e'er Muses sung !

Text of woe for grieve to comment on ;

Tears, sighes, and sobs, give passage to my

tongue,

I shall spend you till the last is gone.

Which done, my heart in flames of burning love

(Wanting his moisture) shall to cynders turne :

But first, by me

Bequeathed be :

I strew the place wherein his sacred urne

shall be inclos'd, this might in many move

The

The like effect: (who would not do it?)
No grave befits him but the hearts of men.

That man, whose masse of sorrow hath be-
such,

That by their waight, laid on each severall
His fountaines are so dry, he but as much
As one poore drop hath left to ease his heart,
Why should he keepe it? since the time doth
That he ne'er better can bestow it in:

If so he seares
That others teares

In greater number, greatest prizes winne;
Know none gives more than he which giveth
Then he which hath but one poore teare
store,

O let him spend that drop, and weepe no more

Why flowes not Helicon beyond her strands?
Is Henrie dead, and do the muses sleepe?
Alas! I see each one amazed stands,
“Shallow foords mutter, silent are the deepe:
Faine would they tell their griefes, but know
not where:

All are so full, nought can augment their store

Then how should they
Their griefes display

men, so cloyde, they faine would heare no more ?

ough blaming those whose plaints they cannot heare :

and with this wish, their passions I allow,
ay that muse never speake that's silence now !

Menrie dead ? alas ! and do I live

ing a scrich-owle's noate that he is dead ?

ny one a fitter theame can give,

he give it now, or never to be read.

let him see it doe of horror taste,

quish, destruction : could it rend in sunder

With fearefull grones

The sencelesse stories,

should we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,

former griefes would so exceed their last :

ime cannot make our sorrowes ought com-
pleater ;

or adde one griefe to make our mourning
greater.

land was ne'er ingirt with waves till now ;

now it held part with the continent :

me ! some one in pittie shew me, how

ght in dolefull numbers so lament ;

at any one which lov'd him, hated me,

ht dearely love me, for lamenting him.

L 3

Alas !

Alas! my plaint

In such constraint

Breakes forth in rage, that though my passion
swimme,

Yet are they drowned ere they landed be:

Imperfect lines! O happy! were I hurl'd

And cut from life as England from the world

O happier had we been! if we had been

Never made happy by enjoying thee!

Where hath the glorious eye of heaven scene

A spectacle of greater misery?

Time turne thy course, and bring againe the
spring;

Breake nature's lawes; search the records of old

If ought befell

Might paralell

Sad Brittaines case; weepe rockes, and heaven
behold,

What seas of sorrow she is plunged in.

Where stormes of woe so mainely have beset her

She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better

Brittaine was whilom known (by more than fame)

To be one of the islands fortunate;

What franticke man would give her now that
name,

Lying so rufull and disconsolate?

Hath

Not her watery zone in murmuring,
And every shore with ecchoes of her crye?

Yes, Thetis raves,
And bids her waves

Engage all the nymphes within her emperie
To be affiant in her sorrowing:

See where they sadly sit on Isis' shore,
And rend their hayres as they would joy no
more.

For the glory of the western world,
When our heroic (honour'd Essex) dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, backe againe she hurl'd,
And fill'd her bankes with an unwoonted tyde:
If the flood in doubt, if it were so,
And for the certaintie had turn'd her way.

Why doe not now
Her waves reflow?

More nymph, her sorrowes will not let her stay;
Or flies to tell the world her countrie's woe:
Or cares not to come backe, perhaps, as showing
Our teares should make the flood, not her
reflowing.

Sometimes a tyrant helde the reynes of Rome,
Wishing to all the citie but one head,
That all at once might undergoe his doome,
And by one blow from life be severed.

Fate

Fate wisht the like on England, and t'was giv
(O miserable men, enthal'd to fate !)

Whose heavy hand

That never scand

The misery of kingdomes ruinate

Minding to leave her of all joyes bereaven,

With one sad blow (alas ! can worser fall !)

Hath given this little ile her funerall.

O come ye blessed impes of memorie,

Erect a newe Parnassus on his grave !

There tune your voyces to an elegie,

The saddest noate that ere Apollo gave.

Let every accent make the stander by

Keepe time unto your song with dropping teares

Till drops that fell

Have made a well

To swallow him which still unmoved heares !

And though my selfe prove sencelesse of your cry

Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim

To be intomb'd in teares are wept for him.

When last he sick'ned, then we first began

To tread the laborinth of woe about :

And by degrees we further inward ran,

Having his thread of life to guide us out.

But Destinie no sooner saw us enter

Sad Sorrowe's maze, immured up in night,

Where

Where nothing dwells

But cryes and yels

owne from the hearts of men depriv'd of
light;

when we were almost come into the center,

ate (cruelly) to barre our joyes returning,

cut off our thread, and left us all in mourning.

If you have scene at foote of some brave hill,

as springs arise, and delicately trill,

gentle chidings through an humble dale,

where tufty daizies nod at every gale)

on the bankes a swaine (with lawrell

crown'd)

tryng his sweet noates with their silver

found:

then as the spongy clouds swolne bigge with

water

show their conception on the world's theater:

downe from the hills the rained waters roare;

whilst every leafe drops to augment their store:

umbling the stones fall o'er each others backe;

ending the greene turfes with their cataraet,

and through the meadows runne in such a noyse;

that taking from the swaine the fountaines

voyce,

Inforce;

Inforce him leave their margent, and alone
 Couple his base pipe with their baser tone.
 Know (shepheardesse) that so I lent an eare
 To those sad wights whose plaints I told while
 But when this goodly lady gan addresse
 Her heavenly voyce to sweeten heavinessse,
 It drown'd the rest, as torrents little springs;
 And stricken mute at her great sorrowings,
 Lay still and wond' red at her pitious mone,
 Wept at her griefes, and did forget their own
 Whilst I attentive sate, and did impart,
 Teares when they wanted drops, and from
 hart,

As hie in sorrow as e'er creature wore.
 Lent thrilling groanes to such as had no more.

Had wise * Ulysses (who regardlesse flung
 Along the ocean when the Syren's sung)
 Pass'd by and seene her on the sea - to
 cleaves,
 Waile her lost love (while Neptune's wa
 thieves

Durst not approach for rockes :) to see her face
 He would have hazarded his Grecian race,
 Thrust head-long to the shoare, and to her eye
 Offer'd his vessell as a sacrifice.

* See Homer's Odyssey, b. 12.

had the Syrens on a neighbour shore
ard in what raping noates she did deplore
buried glory, they had left their shelves,
to come neere her would have drown'd
themselves.

Now silence lock'd the organs of that voyce;
ereat each merry silvan wont rejoyce,
then with a bended knee to her I came,
did impart my grieve and hated name:
first a pardon begg'd, if that my cause
much constrain'd me as to breake the lawes
her with'd sequestration, or ask'd bread
to save a life) from her, whose life was dead:
lawlesse famine, selfe-consuming hunger,
compell'd me: had I stay'd longer,
weakened limmes had beene my wants forc'd
meede,

had I had fed, on that I could not feede.
then she (compassionate) to my sad mone
lend a sigh, and stole it from her owne;
and (wofull lady wrackt on haplesse shelve)
elded me comfort, yet had none herselfe:
old how she knew me well since I had beene,
chiefest consort of the Faiery Queene;
happy * Queene! for ever, ever praise
well on thy tombe; the period of all dayes

Only

* Elizabeth.

Onely scale up thy fame ; and as thy birth
 Inrich'd thy temples on the fading earth,
 So have thy vertues crown'd thy blessed soule,
 Where the first Mover with his words controul
 As with a girdle the huge ocean bindes ;
 Gathers into his fist the nimble windes ;
 Stops the bright courser in his hot careere ;
 Commands the moone twelve courses in a yeere
 Live thou with him in endlesse blisse ; while we
 Admire all virtues in admiring thee.

Thou, thou, the faultresse of the learned well
 Thou nursing mother of God's Israel ;
 Thou, for whose loving truth, the heave-
 raines

Sweet MEL and MANNA on our flowry plaines :
 Thou, by whose hand the sacred Trine did bring
 Us out of bonds, from bloody Bonnering.
 Ye suckling babes, for ever blesse that name
 Releas'd your burning in your mother's flame !
 Thrice blessed maiden, by whose hand was giv'n
 Free libertie to taste the foode of heaven.
 Never forget her (Albion's lovely daughters)
 Which led you to the springs of living waters !
 And if my muse her glory faile to sing,
 May to my mouth my tongue for ever cling !

Herewith (at hand) taking her borne of plenty
 Fill'd with the choyse of every orchard's daintie,

cherries, plums, apples, the sweet raspie-berry,
 quince, the apricocke, the blushing cherry;
 mulberry (his blacke from Thistle taking)
 cluster'd filberd, grapes oft merry-making.
 his fruitfull horne th' immortal ladies fill'd
 with all the pleasures that rough forrests yeeld,
 gave Idya, with a further blessing,
 at theoce (as from a garden) without dressing,
 these should ever have; and never want
 from an orchard without tree or plant.)
 with a right willing hand she gave me hence,
 the stomacke's comforter, the pleasing quince;
 for the chiefeft cherisher she lent
 the royall Thistle's milkie nourishment.
 Here staid I long: but when to see Aurora
 the perfum'd cheekes of dainty Flora,
 without the vail I trode one lovely mome,
 with true intention of a quicke returne,
 unexpected chance strove to deferre
 going backe, and all the love of her.
 maiden see the day is waxen olde,
 gins to shut in with the marigold:
 the neat-heard's kine do bellow in the yard;
 the dairy maidens for the milke prepar'd,
 drawing at the udder, long ere now
 the plow-man hath unyok'd his teame from
 plow:

My

My transformation to a fearefull hinde
Shall to unfold a fitter season finde;
Meane while yond pallace, whose brave t
tops,

Over the stately wood surway the cops,
Promis'th (if fought) a wished place of rest,
Till Sol our hemisphere have repossess.

Now must my muse afford a straine to Rio
Who almost kil'd with his luxurious diet,
Lay eating grasse (as dogges) within a wood
So to disgorge the undisgested food:
By whom faire Aletheia past along
With Fida, queene of every shepheard's song
By them unseene (for he securely lay
Under the thicke of many a leaved spray)
And through the level'd meadowes gently thr
Their neatest feet, washt with refreshing dew,
Where he durst not approach, but on the edge
Of th' hilly wood, in covert of a hedge,
Went onward with them, trode with them
paces,

And farre off much admir'd their formes a
graces.

Into the plaines at last he headlong venter'd:
But they the hill had got and pallace enter'd.

When, like a valiant well resolved man
Seeking new paths i'th' pathlesse ocean,

the shores of monster-breeding Nyle;
 through the north to the unpeopled Thyle,
 ere from the equinoctiall of the spring,
 that of autumn, Titan's golden ring
 ever off; and till the spring againe
 doomy darknesse all the shoares remaine.
 If he furrow up the brynie sea,
 cast his ancore in the frozen bay
 woody Norway; (who hath ever fed
 people more with scaly fish than bread)
 though rattling mounts of ice thrust at his
 helme,
 by their fall still threaten to o'erwhelme
 little vessell: and though winter throw
 that age should, on their heads, white caps of
 snow;)

ves to congeale his blood; he cares not for't,
 arm'd in minde, gets his intended port:
 No Riot, though full many doubts arise,
 whose unknowne ends might graspe his enter-
 prise,
 stumbles towardes the palace, and with gate
 demure,
 with hanging head, a voyce as faining pure,
 with torne and ragged coate, his hairy legs
 cloudy, as scratch'd with bryers, he ent'rance
 begs.

Remembrance

Remembrance fate as portresse of this gate,
 A lady alwayes musing as the fate,
 Except when sometime suddainely she rose,
 And with a backe bent eye, at length
 throwes

Her hand to heaven: and in a wond'ring gaze
 Star'd on each object with her fixed eyes:
 As some way-faring man passing a wood,
 (Whose waving top hath long a sea-marke shew)
 Goes jogging on, and in his minde nought he
 But how the primrose finely shew the path,
 Or sweetest violets lay downe their heads
 At some tree's roote on molle feather-beds,
 Untill his heele receives an adder's sting,
 Whereat he starts, and backe his head do
 fling.

She never mark'd the sute he did preferre,
 But (carelesse) let him passe along by her.

So on he went into a spacious court,
 All trodden bare with multitudes resort:
 At th' end whereof a second gate appears,
 The fabricke shew'd full many thousand years
 Whose posterne-key that time a lady kept,
 Her eyes all swolne as if she seldom slept;
 And would by fits her golden tresses teare,
 And strive to stop her breath with her owne
 haire:

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS. Bo

He

illy hand (not to be lik'd by art)
ere of pincers held; wherewith her heart
hardly grasped, while the pailed stones
ecced to her lamentable grones.
ere at this gate the custome long had bin
n any sought to be admitted in,
orce thus us'd them ere they had the keye,
all, these torments felt, pass'd on their way:
hen Riot came, the ladie's paines nigh done,
past the gate; and then Remorce begunne
etter Riot in strong iron chaines;
doubting much his patience in the paines,
when a smith and's man (lame Vulcan's
fellowes)
d from the anvile or the puffing bellows,
lappe a well-wrought shoe (for more than pay)
on a stubborne nagge of Galloway;
unback'd Jennet, or a Flanders mare,
at the forge stand snuffing of the ayre;
e swarthy smith spits in his buckehorne fist,
d bids his men bring out the five-fold twist,
shackles, shacklockes, hampers, gives, and
chaines,
linked bolts; and with no little paines
e make him fast: and least all these should
falter,
He to a poste with some fixe doubled halter

M

He

He bindes his head; yet all are of the least
 To curbe the fury of the head-strong beast;
 When if a carrier's jade be brought unto him
 His man can holde his foote whilst he can
 And him;

Remorce was so inforc'd to binde him strong
 Because his faults requir'd infliction longer,
 Than any sinne-prest wight which many a day
 Since Judas hung himselfe had past that way.

When all the cruell torments he had borne
 Galled with chaines, and on the racke
 Torne,

Pinching with glowing pincers his owne heart
 All lame and restlesse, full of wounds and smart
 He to the posterne creepes, so inward hies,
 And from the gate a two-fold path descryes:
 One leading up a hill, Repentance way;
 And (as more worthy) on the right-hand lay
 The other head-long, steepe, and lik'ned well
 Unto the path which tendeth downe to hell:
 All steps that thither went shew'd no returning
 The port to paines, and to eternall mourning
 Where certaine Death liv'd; in an ebon chair
 The soule's blacke homicide meager * Despair

* See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. 9. f. 1.
 &c. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, c. 12. f. 32, &c.

his abode : there 'gainst the craggy rockes
e dasht their braines out, with relentless
knockes,
ers on trees (O most accursed elves)
fastening knots, so to undoe themselves.
e one in sinne not daring to appeare
Mercie's seate with one repentant teare,
hin his breast was launcing of an eye,
t unto God it might for vengeance cry :
ere from a rocke a wretch but newly fell
storne in pieces, to goe whole to hell.
e with a sleepe potion one thinkes fit
graspe with death, but would not know
of it :
ere in a poole two men their lives expire,
d die in water to revive in fire.
e hangs the blood upon the guiltlesse stones :
ere wormes consume the flesh of humane
bones.
ere lyes an arme : a legge there : here a head,
th other limmes of men unburied,
at'ring the ground, and as regardlesse hurl'd,
they at vertue spurned in the world.
Ere haplesse wretch, O thou ! whose graces
sterving,
easur'st God's mercy by thine owne deserving ;
hich cry'st (distrustfull of the power of heaven)
My finnes are greater then can be forgiven :

Which still art ready to "curse God and die,
 At every stripe of worldly miserie;
 O learne, (thou in whose breasts the dragon lies
 God's mercy (ever) is o'er all his workes:
 Know he is pittifull, apt to forgive;
 World not a sinner's death, but that he live
 O ever, ever rest upon that word
 Which doth assure thee, though his two e
 sword

Be drawne in justice 'gainst thy sinfull soule,
 To separate the rotten from the whole;
 Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,
 He will not strike; or if he stricke repent him
 Let none despaire; for cursed Judas' sinne
 Was not so much in yeelding up the king
 Of life, to death, as when he thereupon
 Wholy despair'd of God's remission.

Riot, long doubting stood which way were
 To leade his steps: at last preferring rest
 (As foolishly he thought) before the paine
 Was to be past ere he could well attaine
 The high-built palace; gan adventure on
 That path, which led to all confusion,
 When sodainly a voyce as sweet as cleare,
 With words divine began entice his eare;
 Whereat as in a rapture, on the ground
 He prostrate lay, and all his senses found

ne of rest; onely that facultie
 ch never can be seene, nor ever dye,
 in the essence of an endlesse nature
 sympathize with the all-good Creator;
 onely wak'd which cannot be interr'd,
 from a heavenly quire this ditty heard.

Vain man, doe not mistrust

Of heaven winning;

Nor (though the most unjust)

Despaire for sinning:

For he will be seene his sentence changing,

Behold thee wicked wayes estranging.

Climbe up where pleasures dwell

In flow'ry allies:

And taste the living well

That decks the vallies.

But * Metanoia is attending

To crowne thee with those joyes which know

no ending.

Herewith on leaden wings sleepe from him

flew,

When on his arme he rose, and sadly threw

M 3 Shrill

* Metanoia, Repentance.

Shrill acclamations; while an hollow cave,
Or hanging hill, or heaven, an answer gave

O sacred essence, light'ning me this hour
How may I lightly stile thy great power?

ECCHO. Power? but of whence? under the green-
spray,

Or liv'st in heav'n? say.

ECCHO. In heaven's aye.
In heaven's aye! tell may I it obtaine
By almes, by fasting, prayer, by paine?

ECCHO. By
Shew me the paine, it shall be undergone:
I to mine end will still go on.

ECCHO. Go on.
But whither? On! Shew me the place,
time:

What if the mountaine I do climbe?

ECCHO. Do cli
Is that the way to joyes which still endure?
O bid my soule of it be sure!

ECCHO. Be sure.
Then thus assured, doe I climbe the hill,
Heaven be my guide in this thy will.

ECCHO. I will.
As when a maide taught from her mot
wing,
To tune her voyce unto a silver string,

she should run, she rests; rests when
 should run,
 ends her lesson having now begun:
 misseth she her stop, then in her song,
 doing of her best she still is wrong,
 as againe, and yet againe strikes false,
 in a chafe forsakes her virginals,
 yet within an hower she tries a-new,
 with her dayly paines (Art's chiefeſt due)
 gaineſ that charming ſkill: and can no leſſe
 the fierce walkers of the wilderneſſe,
 that * Oeagrin harpiſt, for whoſe lay,
 ers with hunger pinde and left their pray.
 ot when he gan to climbe the hill,
 e maketh haſte, and there long ſtandeth ſtill,
 getteth up a ſtep, then falls againe,
 not deſpairing, all his nerves doth ſtraine
 clamber up a-new, then ſlide his feet,
 downe he comes; but gives not over yet,
 (with the maide) he hopes, a time will be
 en merit ſhall be linckt with induſtre.
 Now as an angler malancholy ſtanding
 on a greene bancke yeelding roome for land-
 ing,

A

Orpheus, the ſon of Oeagrus and Calliope, ac-
 cording to Plato, in Conv. Apollon. Argonaut. l. i.
 himſelf, if the Argonautics be his: Of Apollo
 Calliope, by ſome; of others, by others.

A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke
 Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke
 Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe
 Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine
 He long stands viewing of the curled streame
 At last a hungry pike, or well-growne bream
 Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away
 He knowing it a fish of stubborne sway,
 Puls up his rod, but soft; (as having skill)
 Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill
 Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
 Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swim
 Th' insnared fish, here on the toppe doth scud
 There underneath the banckes, then in the mud
 And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
 That each one takes his hyde, or starting hole
 By this the pike cleane wearied, underneath
 A willow lyes, and pants (if fishes breathe)
 Wherewith the angler gently puls him to him,
 And least his hast might happen to undoe him
 Layes downe his rod, then takes his line
 hand,

And by degrees getting the fish to land,
 Walkes to another poole: at length is winner
 Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner:
 So when the climber halfe the way had got,
 Musing he stood, and busily gan plot,

How

(since the mount did alwayes steeper tend)
 might with steps secure his journey end.
 fast (as wand'ring boyes to gather nuts)
 hooked pole he from a hasell cuts;
 w throwes it here, then there, to take some
 hold,
 bootlesse and in vaine, the rocky molde
 mits no cranny, where his hasell hooke
 ight promise him a step, till in a nooke
 ewhat above his reach he hath espide
 little oake, and having often tride
 catch a bough with standing on his toe,
 leaping up, yet not prevailing so;
 e rolls a stone towards the little tree,
 en gets upon it, fastens warily
 s pole unto a bough, and at his drawing
 e early rising crow with clam'rous kawing,
 eaving the greene bough flyes about the rocke,
 thilft twentie twentie couples to him flocke:
 ad now within his reach the thinne leaves
 wave,

With one hand onely then he holds his stave,
 and with the other grasping first the leaves,
 pretty bough he in his fist receives;
 Then to his girdle making fast the hooke,
 His other hand another bough hath tooke;

His

His first, a third, and that, another gives,
To bring him to the place where his roote liv

Then, as a nimble squirrill from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filberd-food,
Sits partly on a bough his browne nuts crackin
And from the shell the sweet white kernal
taking,

Till (with their crookes and bags) a sort of boyes
(To share with him,) come with so great a noise
That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leape to a neighbour oake;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst through the quagmires, and red water
plashes,

The boyes runne dabling through thicke and
thin,

One teares his hose, another breakes his shin,
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much ado
Got by the bryers; and that hath lost his sho
This drops his band; that head-long fals fo
haste;

Another cries behinde for being last:
With stickes and stones, and many a sounding
hollow,

The little foole, with no small sport, they
follow,

Whilst

shift he, from tree to tree, from spray to
 spray,
 to the wood, and hides him in his dray :
 th shift made Riot, ere he could get up,
 and so from bough to bough he wonne the
 toppe,
 though hind'rances, from ever comming there,
 ere often thrust upon him by Despaire.
 Now at his feete the stately mountaine lay,
 and with a gladsome eye he gan survey
 That perils he had trode on since the time
 his weary feete and armes assayde to climbe.
 Then with a humble voyce (withouten feare,
 though he look'd wilde and over-growne with
 haire)
 A gentle nymph in russet course array,
 Comes and directs him onward in his way.
 First, brings she him into a goodly hall,
 faire, yet not beautified with minerall ;
 But in a carelesse art, and artlesse care,
 Made loose Neglect, more lovely farre than rare.
 Upon the floore (ypav'd with marble slate)
 (With sack-cloath cloth'd,) many in ashes fate :
 And round about the wals for many yeares,
 Hung christall vyals of repentance teares :
 And bookes of vows, and many a heavenly deede,
 Lay ready open for each one to reade.

Some —

Some were immured up in little sheads,
There to contemplate heaven, and bid the
beads.

Others with garments thinne of cammel's haire
With head, and armes, and legs, and feete
bare,

Were singing hymnes to the eternall Sage,
For safe returning from their pilgrimage:
Some with a whip their pamper'd bodyes beate,
Others in fasting live, and seldome eate:
But, as those trees which doe in India grow,
And call'd of elder swaines full long agoe
The sunne and moone's faire trees (full goodly
deight)

And tenne times tenne feete challenging their
height)

Having no helpe (to over-looke brave towers)
From coole refreshing dew, or drizzling showers;
When as the earth (as often times is seene)
Is interpos'd 'twixt Sol and night's pale queene;
Or when the moone ecclipseth Titan's light,
The trees (all comfortlesse) rob'd of their light
Weepe liqued drops, which plentifully shoote
Along the outward barke downe to the roote,
And by their owne shed teares they ever flourish;
So their owne sorrowes, their owne joyes doe
nourish:

And

Booke

did the

s haire

feet:

beate,

ow,

e

goodly

e their

rs)

ers;

ne;

ght

h;

doe

nd

and so within this place full many a wight,
 and make his teares his food both day and night.
 and had it granted (from th' Almighty great)
 himme through them unto his mercy-seate.
 Faire Metanoia in a chayre of earth,
 with count'nance sad, yet sadnesse promis'd
 mirth,

te vail'd in coursest weedes of cammel's hayre,
 enriching poverty; yet never fayre
 as like to her, nor since the world begun
 lovelyer lady kist the glorious sun.
 or her the God of thunder, mighty, great,
 whose foot-stoole is the earth, and heaven his
 seate,

into a man who from his crying birth
 went on still shunning what he carryed, earth:
 When he could walke no further for his grave,
 nor could step over, but he there must have
 a seate to rest, when he would faine goe on;
 but age in every nerve, in every bone
 forbad his passage: for her sake hath heaven
 fill'd up the grave, and made his path so eaven,
 That fiftene courses had the bright steedes run,
 And he was weary ere his course was done,
 for scorning her, the courts of kings, which
 throw

A proud rais'd pinnacle to rest the crow;

And

And on a plaine out-brave a neighbour rocke
In stout resistance of a tempter's shocke.
For her contempt heaven (reyning his difaite)
Hath made those towers but piles to burne the
masters.

To her the lowly nymph (Humbleſſa high
Brought (as her office) this deformed wight;
To whom the lady courteous ſemblance ſhew'd
And pittying his eſtate, in ſacred thewes,
And letters (worthily ycleep'd divine)
Reſolv'd t'inſtruct him: but her diſcipline
She knew of true effect, would ſurely miſſe,
Except ſhe firſt his metamorphoſis
Should cleane exile: and knowing that his birth
Was to enherit reaſon, though on earth
Some witch had thus tranſform'd him, by her
ſkill,

Expert in changing, even the very will,
In few dayes labours with continuall prayer,
(A ſacrifice tranſcends the buxome ayre)
His griefly ſhape, his foule deformed feature,
His horrid lookes, worſe then a ſavage creature,
By Metanoia's hand from heaven, began
Receive their ſentence of divorce from man.

And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaſte,
With naked iv'rie necke, and gowne unlac'd,

Withi

thin her chamber, when the day is fled,
 takes poore her garments to enrich her bed:
 she puts off her lilly-silken gowne,
 that shrikes for sorrow as she layes it downe;
 and with her armes graceth a wast-coate fine,
 embracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
 Her flexen haire insnaring all beholders,
 she next permits to wave about her shoulders,
 and though she cast it backe, the silken slips
 all forward steale, and hang upon her lips:
 hereat she sweetly angry, with her laces
 wades up the wanton lockes in curious traces,
 whilst (twisting with her joynts) each haire
 long lingers,
 loath to be inchain'd, but with her fingers.
 Then on her head a dressing like a crowne;
 her breasts all bare, her kirtle slipping downe,
 and all things off (which rightly ever be
 all'd the foule-faire markes of our miserie)
 except her last, which enviously doth seize her,
 least any eye partake with it in pleasure,
 prepares for sweetest rest, while Silvans greet
 her,
 and (longingly) the downe-bed swels to meet
 her:
 so by degrees his shape all brutish wilde,
 fell from him (as loose skin from some young
 childe)

In

In lieu whereof a man-like shape appeares,
 And gallant youth scarce skill'd in twenty years
 So faire, so fresh, so young, so admirable
 In every part, that since I am not able
 In words to shew his picture, gentle swaines,
 Recall the prayses in my former strains;
 And know if they have graced any limme,
 I onely lent it those, but stole't from him.

Had that chaste * Romane dame beheld
 face,

Ere the proud king posselt her husband's place
 Her thoughts had beene adulterate, and t
 staine

Had wonne her greater fame, had she bee
 flaine.

The lark that many mornes herselfe mak
 merry

With the shrill chanting of her teery-larry,
 (Before he was transform'd) would leave t
 skyes,

And hover o'er him to behold his eyes.

Upon an oaten-pipe well could he play,

For when he fed his flocke upon the leye

Maidens to heare him from the plaines can
 tripping,

And birds from bough to bough full nimbl
 skipping;

* Lucretia. See Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece.

flocke (then happy flocke) would leave to
 seede,
 stand amaz'd to listen to his reeder:
 and tygers, with each beast of game,
 hearing him were many times made tame:
 the trees and flow'ers would towards him be
 bending,
 none that heard him wisht his song an
 ending:
 ds, lions, birds, flockes, trees, each flowre,
 each spring,
 ere rapt with wonder, when he us'd to sing.
 faire a person to describe to men
 quires a curious pencill; not a pen.
 Him Metanoia clad in seemely wife,
 not after our corrupted ages guise,
 where gaudy weedes lend splendor to the lim,
 while that his cloaths receiv'd their grace from
 him.)
 then to a garden fet with rarest flowres,
 with pleasant fountaines stor'd, and shady
 bowres:
 he leads him by the hand, and in the groves,
 Where thousand pretty birds sung to their loves,
 and thousand thousand blossomes (from their
 stalkes)
 wilde Zephyrus threw downe to paint the
 walkes:

N

Where

Where yet the wilde boare never durst appeare
 Here Fida (ever to kinde Raymond deare)
 Met them, and shew'd where Aletheia lay,
 (The fairest maide that ever blest the day.)
 Sweetly she lay, and cool'd her lilly hands
 Within a spring that threw up golden sands
 As if it would intice her to persever
 In living there, and grace the banckes forever
 To her Amintas (Riot now no more)
 Came, and saluted; never man before
 More blest, nor like this kisse hath beene ano
 But when two dangling cherries kist each o
 Nor ever beauties, like, met at such closes;
 But in the kisses of two damaske-roses.
 O, how the flowres (prest with their tread
 on them)
 Strove to cast up their heads to looke u
 them!
 How jealousy the buds that so had seene the
 Sent forth the sweetest smels to step betwe
 them,
 As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their power
 Once knowne of them, they might neglect
 flowres,
 How often wisht Amintas with his heart,
 His ruddy lips from hers might never part;

that the heavens this gift were them be-
 queathing,
 feed on nothing but each other's breathing!
 truer love the muses never sung,
 happier names ere grac'd a golden tongue:
 they are better fitting his sweet stripe,
 who on the banks of Ancor tun'd his pype:
 rather for that learned † swaine whose layes
 nest Homer crown'd with deathlesse bayes:
 any one sent from the sacred well
 writing the soule of † Astrophell:
 these, these in golden lines might write this
 story,
 and make these loves their owne eternall glory:
 whilst I a swaine as weake in yeares as skill,
 should in the valley heare them on the hill.
 (when my sheepe have at the cesterne
 beene,
 and I have brought them backe to sheare the
 greene)
 misse an idle houre, and not for meede,
 whose choifest relish shall mine oaten reede
 record their worths: and though in accents rare
 misse the glory of a charming ayre,

My

Mich. Drayton.
 Sir Philip Sydney.

† Geo. Chspman.

My muse may one day make the courtly
 Enamour'd on the musicke of the plains,
 And as upon a hill she bravely sings,
 Teach humble dales to weep in christall faine

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOKE

